TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

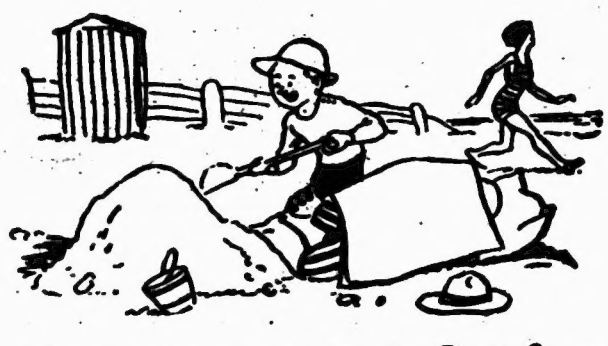
OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

50 MORE £5:5 CHEQUES FOR "JOHN BULL" REGISTERED READERS See page 2

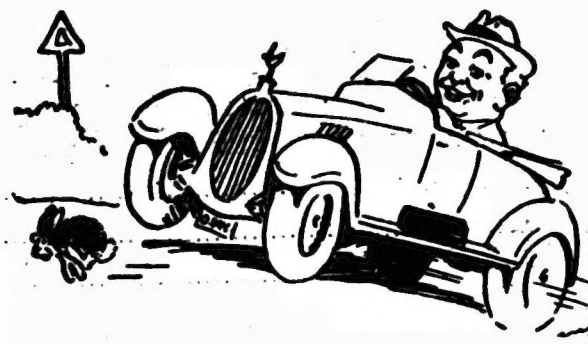
SOME FOLKS "TAKE THE WATERS" IN PURSUIT OF PERFECT HEALTH

AND OTHERS TAKE A YACHTING TRIP (THAT'S IF THEY'VE GOT THE WEALTH).

MANY CLIMB TO MOUNTAIN TOPS - TO MAKE THEIR CHEEKS AGLOW



WHILST OTHERS CHOOSE THE SANDY BEACH WHERE OCEAN BREEZES BLOW:



AND MANY SEEKERS AFTER HEALTH PREFER A MOTOR TOUR

AND OTHERS ARE DENIED THE CHANCE BECAUSE THEY'RE MUCH TOO POOR.

BUT WHETHER YOU ARE RICH OR POOR
AVOID DISTRESSING ILLS—
ENJOY THE VERY BEST OF HEALTH
BY TAKING BEECHAMS PILLS.

Beecham's Pills

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

50 More £5-5-0 Cheques to Registered Readers

THE READERS MENTIONED BELOW ALL RECEIVED £5 5s. EACH UNDER THE HEADING OF SICKNESS.

£5 : 5 Mr. A. G. Jones, Sunnyside, North Road, Abersychan, Mon.
£5 : 5 Mrs. M. Ainsley, 22, Bk Seaside Lane, Easington Colliery, Co. Durham.
£5 : 5 Mr. A. L. Parker, 157, H.S. Edward Street, South Shields.
£5 : 5 Mr. A. Seymour, 3/73, Potters Hill, Aston, Birmingham.
£5 : 5 Mrs. K. Williams, 15, Strode Road, Stamshaw, Portsmouth.
£5 : 5 Mr. T. Burnett, 5, Sandgate Road, Edmonton, N.18.
£5 : 5 Mrs. K. Smith, Popbley's Cottages, Stokenchurch, Bucks.
£5 : 5 Mr. Wm. Feltham, 39, Lr. Brooks Street, Winchester.
£5 : 5 Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, 72, Bede Street, Tyne Dock (£5 5s. each).
£5 : 5 A. Hyde, 170, Oxford Street, Church Gresley, Burton-on-Trent.
£5 : 5 J. E. Kellett, 155, Rawlinson Street, Barrow-in-Furness.
£5 : 5 Mrs. K. Thompson, 103, Adelaide Street, Norwich, Norfolk.
£5 : 5 W. J. White, 21, Poplar Street, Ashington, Northumberland.
£5 : 5 A. Cocker, 2, Council House, Barnack, Stamford, Lincs.
£5 : 5 S. Carnell, 56, Station Road, Harlesden, N.W.10.
£5 : 5 Mr. and Mrs. Holdstock, 27, Prospect Place, Gravesend, Kent (£5 5s. each).
£5 : 5 Mrs. E. Parker, 78½, Sycamore Street, Ashington, Northumberland.
£5 : 5 Mrs. W. Sewell, 39, Juliet St., Ashington, Northumberland.
£5 : 5 Mr. F. Fowkes, 24, Bath St., Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts.
£5 : 5 Mr. A. Urwin, 18, Katherine Street, Willington, Durham.
£5 : 5 Mrs. E. B. Robinson, 5, Church St., Brandon Colliery, Co. Durham.
£5 : 5 Mrs. T. W. Robertson, 30, High Hope St, Crook, Durham
£5 : 5 Mr. E. C. King, 14, North St, Okehampton, Devon.
£5 : 5 Mr. R. V. Tilley, Crown Lane, Thurlby, Bourne, Lincs.
£5 : 5 Mr. H. Pickles, 4, Blenheim Street, Keighley.
£5 : 5 Mrs. E. Grove, 56, George St., Pontypool, Mon.
£5 : 5 Mr. J. Tunstall, 76, Rosalind St., Hirst, Ashington, Northumberland.
£5 : 5 Mrs. B. M. Peasnell, 12, Cowley Rd, Littlemore, Oxon.
£5 : 5 Mr. G. Noon, Goose Green, Lambourn, Berks.
£5 : 5 Mr. E. Smith, Station Road, Hindolvestone, Guist, S.O. Norfolk.
£5 : 5 Mr. G. E. Hurlston, 23, Orford Road, Hockley, Birmingham.
£5 : 5 Mr. E. Stockton, 41, Grafton Street, Lincoln.
£5 : 5 Mr. Albert Mayers Emolyn, Herbert's Road, Garndiffaith Mon.
£5 : 5 Mrs. J. C. Wilson, 3, Gill Row, Four Lane Ends, Hetton-le-Hole, Co. Durham.
£5 : 5 Mrs. M. A. Jordan, 188, Maple Street, Ashington, Northumberland.
£5 : 5 Mr. E. Simpson, 50, North Row, Sunniside, Houghton-le-Spring.
£5 : 5 Mr. D. Johns, 6, Gladstone Terr. Varteg, Nr. Pontypool.
£5 : 5 Mrs. J. Horrey, 52, Rosalind Street, Ashington.
£5 : 5 Mr. John Storey, 12, Holmside Terrace, Cragbead, Durham.
£5 : 5 Mr. W. R. Roberts, 87, Penrhiwceiber Road, Penrhiwceiber, S. Wales.
£5 : 5 Mrs. F. J. Wratten, Ozenden Farm Cott., Pedlinge, Nr. Hythe, Kent.
£5 : 5 Mrs. B. E. Dawson, Brick Cottage, Terling Hall, Terling, Chelmsford, Essex.
£5 : 5 Mr. John Burton, 16, Wild Road, Norwich.
£5 : 5 Mr. Wm. Baker, Jesmond Cottage, Stainsacre, Nr. Whitby, Yorks.
£5 : 5 Mrs. E. P. L. Wilson, 38, Garn Road, Maesteg, Glam.
£5 : 5 Mr. G. Young, 9, Hepworth Street, New Brancepeth, Co. Durham.
£5 : 5 Mrs. W. S. Jenkins, 57, Osborne Road, Pontypool, Mon.
£5 : 5 Mr. H. Short, 69, East Villas, Hirst, Ashington, Northumberland.

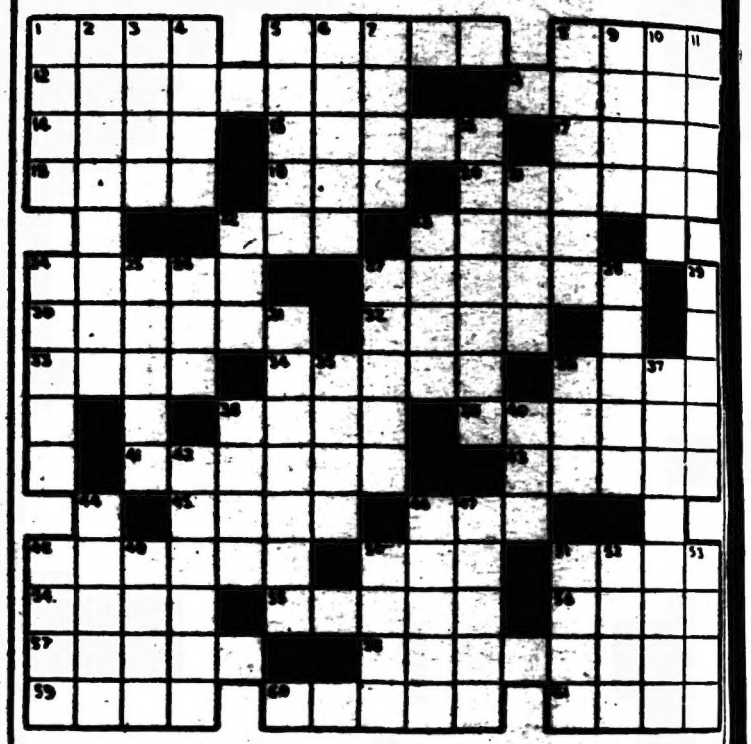
HOLIDAYS!

Important Notice to Registered Readers.

To remain qualified for the benefits offered under "John Bull's" Free Insurance Gift, readers are reminded that it will be necessary to show that they purchased "John Bull" whilst away, and that before leaving, they instructed their newsagent to re-commence the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull" immediately on their return.

Our Cross-Word Corner

What About This?



CLUES ACROSS.

1. Below the surface.
5. Confidential
8. Stone fruit.
12. Overwhelm.
13. To forego.
14. The linden tree.
15. A topic.
17. Untidy woman.
18. Soft part of the ear.
19. Fem ale bird.
20. Courage.
22. By.
23. Skilful.
24. A thread.
27. Incapable.
30. Obliquely.
32. British Naval Station.
33. A particular
34. Ascribable.
36. To stupefy.
38. Firmness of mind.
39. The East.
41. Threefold.
43. Tapestry.
45. Cain's brother.
46. An ugly old woman.
48. Established
50. A witty person.
51. Imposture.
54. Cleanse.
55. An evergreen tree.
56. Learning.
57. Foreigner.
58. Outpost.
59. Tackle.
60. Exhausted.
61. Trial.

CLUES DOWN.

1. The threshold.
2. Political party.
3. Torpid.
4. Leg joint.
5. Immerse in water.
6. Second of two.
7. Observed.
8. Coloured crayon.
9. A tune.
10. Part of the tongue.
11. To dole.
16. Restraint.
21. German river.
22. A fold.
23. Immediately.
24. Indistinct.
25. Sheep's cry.
26. To batter.
27. To combine.
28. Go in.
29. English county.
31. Explosive engine of war.
35. To bequeath.
36. Knight.
37. Unconsciously.
38. To mock.
40. A tatter.
42. Preferably.
44. Vapid.
46. Harbour.
47. Middleman
48. Burglar's booty.
49. Eastern country.
50. Judicious.
51. Rent.
52. A sharpening stone.
53. To soften.

The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on page 28.

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of John Bull. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name..... Age.....
in full. (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 25/6/27.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve John Bull for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 25/6/27.

JOHN BULL Pen Coupon—Value 2/-

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/8 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 3d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

John Bull's Wonderful Pen Offer!

"The value is wonderful. I am so pleased that I felt I must tell you."—H. Harrison, Nurses' Home, Plaistow, E.13.

The "John Bull" Pen fitted with 14 ct. Solid Gold Nib iridium tip worth 18/-
2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil with refills FREE 2/6
TOTAL VALUE 20/6

You send Six Coupons and P.O. for 4/- (plus 3d. postage and insurance) 4/-

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.

YOU SAVE 13/6

Name engraved in Gold on Pen 6d. extra

2/6 'EVERPOINTED' PENCIL FREE

Irving's Yeast-Vite Tonic Tablets

YEAST IS LIFE!

ONE of the greatest discoveries of the century! Pure Yeast and Vitamins—No harmful drugs. The gentle fermentation of Yeast-Vite when in contact with the gastric juices of the Stomach causes a stimulating, buoyant feeling of extreme vigour. This wonderful Yeast-Vitamin Treatment is guaranteed to be safer, quicker and more effective than Aspirin.

YEAST-VITE IS RICH IN VITAMIN B.

An eminent specialist, in his article on Health, has emphasised the importance of Vitamin B as a tonic which causes the nerves to function properly. And in his list of essential foods he mentions YEAST as rich in Vitamin B.

When out of sorts or depressed, take 1 or 2 YEAST-VITE Tablets, and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

The Lightning Pick-me-up.

IRVING'S *Yeast-Vite* TABLETS will relieve:—

Headache, Neuralgia, etc. .. .. in 5 min.
Indigestion, Flatulence . in 5 to 10 min.
Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression, in 10 to 15 min.
Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc., in 10 to 15 min.
Influenza Colds, Fever .. .. .. in 24 hours

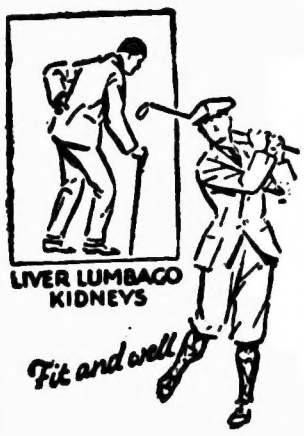
Read These Testimonials

—a few of thousands received.

28015—E. W. H., Charterhouse: I have pleasure in testifying to the efficacy of Yeast-Vite Tablets in cases of great depression, anxiety or worry. Without a doubt they are wonderful pick-me-ups.

28010—Nurse G. C., Chiswick: I feel I must write and tell you how very much better in health I have been since I started taking your wonderful "Yeast-Vite" Tablets. I have been in a poor state of health for some considerable time, and have tried quite a number of different tonics, but have not yet found anything to equal "Yeast-Vite."

28005—E. W., Shepherd's Bush: I feel that I should write and tell you that I have derived great benefit from "Yeast-Vite," and after taking it for about two days felt different altogether. For some time past I have been feeling very run down, could not sleep and was a bag of nerves, and could not cheer myself up. Now I feel quite fit and bright and have gained 2 lbs. in one week. I work in a large Government office, and have recommended them to numerous members of the staff, and they also say that they feel very satisfactory results. Wishing you every success with your undertaking.



£100 Cash will be paid to anyone proving that the above extracts from unsolicited testimonials are not genuine. We have received nearly 45,000 letters from satisfied users in less than 3 years which are open to inspection.

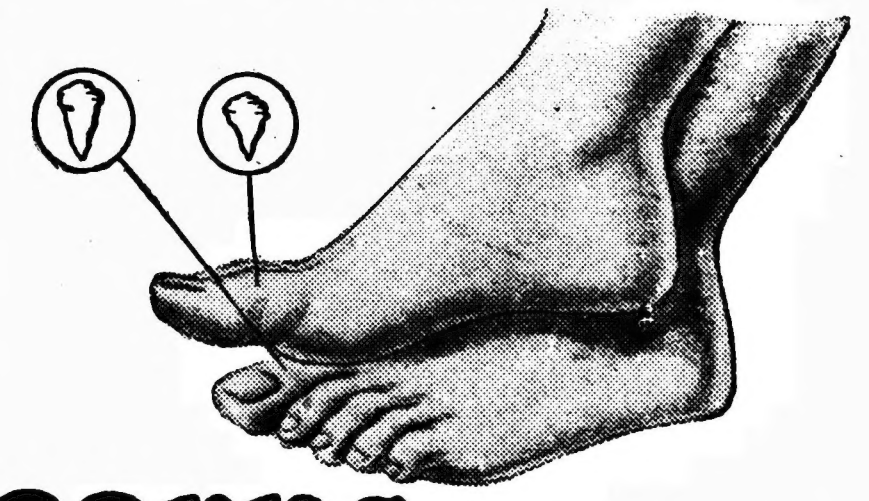
CAUTION.—Beware of Imitations! See the name Irving's Yeast-Vite on every carton and bottle and sealed with Government Stamp. Refuse fraudulent substitutes which are worthless.

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES.
"Cecil House," Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1

OUR GUARANTEE

Obtain a bottle of Irving's YEAST-VITE tablets from your chemist. If not thoroughly convinced of the wonderful power of these tablets BY ACTUAL RESULTS, post the empty bottle to us, and we will refund the money by return of post.

Send postcard for free treatise on Anæmia, Nerves, Constipation, Colds, Insomnia, Rheumatism, Pains, &c.



corns since boyhood removed by Radox

Why waste valuable time painfully cutting or burning the tops off corns when Radox foot baths will get your corns out, root and all, whilst you are reading or knitting? Here is a man, a sufferer from boyhood, who rid himself of his corns, comfortably seated reading a paper, and with his feet in a Radox foot bath. Read his letter:—

"I have found Radox Bath Salts extremely beneficial in removing corns. In fact, I can honestly say that I had one corn on each great toe from boyhood, and they always bothered me till I used Radox, and since then I am never troubled with them. I soaked the corns for 20 minutes, as stated, but as I was comfortably seated with the evening paper I made it an hour. About 10 days later all the old dead skin, corns and everything peeled off like an orange, and I have never been troubled since. Apart from corns, Radox is grand for tired feet."

12th May, 1927. F. H. T.

Have *you* tried Radox foot baths yet? When you put your feet into one, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it may be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy.

1/6 ½-lb. *Pink Packet.*

Radox Bath Salts

TESTED JB

Give your feet that "Kruschen Feeling."

At all chemists, 1s. 6d., ½-lb., 2s. 6d. double size, in the pink packet.

For SUMMER SERVICE

These Folders will interest you.

Send for Folders 5008J (Low Tension) and 5009J (High Tension) which give detailed information on the advantages of Exide "Mass" Type Batteries, or ask your local Dealer or Exide Service Agent.

Exide "MASS" TYPE BATTERIES

Exide "Mass" type Batteries for long slow discharges are the most recent advance in battery design and the most important for many years. They are not subject, like the ordinary battery, to loss of charge, or sulphation when standing (even partially run down) for long periods. They are the only batteries free from this disability.

THE SIGN OF Exide BATTERIES SERVICE STATION SKILLED SERVICE

Advertisement of The Chloride Electrical Storage Co., Ltd., Clifton Junction, Nr. Manchester.

WHEN SENDING Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL

THE MAIL ORDER MARKET

A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain Hunters

PAY FOR YOUR NEW SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

Gent's Suits made to measure in the latest styles of cloth, perfectly tailored. Pay 7/6 down and the rest in easy monthly instalments until you have paid in all 52/6

Before placing your order elsewhere write for Patterns, Catalogue and simple Self-measurement Form.

J. B. THORNE & Co 36, LANGHAM ST, LONDON, W.1.

81 SQ FT for 15/-

The cheapest and the most beautiful floor covering in the world, direct to you at manufacturer's prices—hard-wearing, easily cleaned damp-proof, and all rolls 2 yards wide—that's

ARTOLEUM BETTER THAN LINOLEUM

SAMPLES FREE and coloured price lists on request.

J. LLOYDS, Artoleum House, 83, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1

5.19.6

Carriage Paid U.K., or 11 monthly instalment or 10/3 and £1 : 0 : 0 down. Model No. 14. Richly Oak finished. Jacobean Pedestal. Fitted with Fullotone "Junior" sound box and strong DOUBLE SPRING three-record motor; all 1927 improvements; extra pure tone and great volume. Sent direct from factory to you. Send for list of 20 models. CABINET GRAMOPHONE Co. (Dept. J.B. 57), 72, Camden Road, London, N.W.1.

Model 14 Worth 10 Gns.

FULLOTONE The Gramophone of Amazing Value

Also 149, High Street (N.), E.Ham. And 41, George Street, Croydon.

3,000 FACTORY PRICE BARGAINS

3/9

Beautiful Rings, Bangles, Pendants, Watches, &c. —examples of the money you save by buying from the Empire's largest Jewel Factory illustrated in H. Samuel's BIG FREE BOOK!

Send a postcard for it now! FREE PRIZES FOR ALL BUYERS! ! This fine Nickelled Watch fully warranted Post free 3/9

ONE PAYMENT ONLY. With handsome chain 4/6

Write now to: (Dept. 199), Market St., Manchester.

H. SAMUEL Ltd.

2/- YOUR CHOICE OF THE BEST WEEKLY

B.S.A., TRIUMPH, RUDGE-WHITWORTH, ARIEL, SWIFT, NEW HUDSON, ELSWICK, HERCULES, B. & C., &c. Each fully guaranteed for 20 years. On 10 days' approval. Direct from makers' factory. Packed free and Carriage paid. Easy Payments arranged to suit you.

Cash Prices from £4 : 19 : 6

Send Now for FREE 1927 Lists.

THE BIRMINGHAM & COVENTRY CYCLE CO. (Dept. J/45) SOUTHAMPTON.

SUITS 1/6 To Measure for WEEKLY. From 32/6

Order your clothes from a reliable firm of experts (established over half a century). We can submit a most comprehensive range of patterns for suits, etc., comprising the latest shades in Derby Tweeds, Worsteds, Whipcords, Serges, etc., and guarantee you a correct fitting suit; perfectly tailored, and delivered free within seven days. Send for latest style pattern book and self-measurement form. Breeches, Overcoats, Flannels, etc., also supplied.

BOYS' SUITS AND SPORTS WEAR ALSO ON EASY PAYMENTS.

THE "B. & C." CO., Universal Providers, Dept. J/46, SOUTHAMPTON.

6/- NOW SMART SHOES ON EASY TERMS

Why pay cash and shops profits, too? We supply public direct and guarantee every pair we sell. The fashionable models illustrated are supplied in all leathers and sizes. Not job line. Sent for 6/- down and balance in 2 monthly payments of 5/- (16/- in all), cash price 15/-. State size when ordering. Satisfaction always, or money back. Write for catalogue.

H. J. WARWICK & CO. Chandos House, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1

Hours of Toffee PLEASURE

Over 150 Daintily Wrapped pieces of pure full-flavoured

PLOW BOY TOFFEE

2 lbs. full weight in a decorated Tin for 2/6. Carriage PAID.

DIRECT FROM THE MAKERS.

PURE, Wholesome Sweets are "Good" for Young and Old. A piece now and again to keep you feeling young. Send your order direct to

WATSON'S TOFFEE WORKS, LTD., Union Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

QUALITY & VALUE. GRAVES

GRAVES BENEFIT SALE

Comprising: 2 white super-quality Fleecy Blankets, Blue borders, size 68 x 86in weight 7lbs; 2 coloured Fleecy Blankets, White borders, size 60x80in weight 5½lbs; 1 coloured Alhambra Quilt, size 78 x 94in weight 3½lb; 3 unbleached Grey Bolton Twill hemmed Sheets, size 70 x 90in weight 4lbs; 2 White Pillow Cases, size 20 x 30in; 1 White Bolster Case, size 20x30in. Price 5/-

5/- NOW

TERMS: Send 5/- now, 5/- monthly. 5% Discount for cash. Catalogue Post Free.

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

THE GRAVES STAINLESS CUTLERY SERVICE MAKES FOOD ATTRACTIVE.

5/- NOW

50 PIECES FOR 50/-

TERMS: 5/- now and 5/- monthly. Five per cent discount allowed for cash. Approval in your home.

A good Meal deserves a good Knife and Fork.

WORLD'S FINEST VALUE.

1 pr D'ble Shear Steel Carvers Ivorette handles, 6 Stainless Tble Knvs. and 6 Stainless Dessert Knives, Ivory grained handles. Blades can be sharpened to razor-like edge. 2 Tble Spns, 6 Dsert Spns, 6 Tea Spns, 6 Egg Spns, 6 Tble Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Sugar Spoon, 1pr Sugar Tongs, 1 Jam Spoon, 1 Salt Spoon, all of Columbian Silver which is always white.

Write for Catalogue.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. Sheffield

BECOME AN EXPERT Dance BANJOIST

BANJO FREE TUITION BIG SALARIES

Why envy the Dance Banjoist his big salary, when you can enter his uncrowded profession yourself? In order to assist you we have made arrangements for every purchaser of the well-known "RESONA" TENOR BANJO OUTFIT (professional model) to take the complete LEONARD SHEVILL CORRESPONDENCE COURSE for DANCE BANJOISTS ABSOLUTELY FREE. For the small payment of £2/- you receive the Banjo Outfit and are enrolled as a pupil of Mr. Leonard Shevill. The balance of £9 9s. is settled by nine monthly payments, so write to-day, and be READY FOR THE COMING WINTER DANCE SEASON. (Cash for £10 10s.)

RESONA COMPANY (Dept. J.B.), 146, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON. E.C.

HYDROLEUM FLOOR COVERING

Every Roll is two yards wide. Thicker than high-priced Cork Lino. Guaranteed rot. damp and vermin proof, easily cleaned. For stone, brick, damp or ordinary wooden floors. Send for free samples.

PRICE ONLY 15/- PER ROLL OF 72 SQUARE FEET

HAWKEN & Co DEPT. 122 WARDOUR ST. and 43 LONDON, W.1.

SPECIAL OFFER for limited period only

72 SQ FT. for 15/-

THICKER THAN LINOLEUM.

Waterproof, Rotproof and Sanitary. For either Brick, Stone, Concrete or Wood Floors. Being Stainless, a damp cloth is all that is required to clean it. In rolls containing 72 square feet for 15/-. Longer lengths pro rata.

All rolls are 2 yards wide.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES.

J. B. ANDREWS & SONS, 30, Carter Street, London, S.E.17.

PAROLEUM

FREEMANS Celebrated SPARE TIME AGENCY CASH OR CREDIT

Boots, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Wireless, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Now in regular employment appointed an Agent.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT. Enquiries for Agency Invited

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

STYLISH LOUNGE SUITS

FINEST VALUE IN THE TRADE.

7/6 NOW

Our simple self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply a stylish well-fitting garment.

We Deliver the Graves 50/- suit to approved orders for 7/6 with order. Balance in monthly payments, if satisfied. Money refunded if disappointed.

Patterns Post Free. Send post card for patterns cut from actual cloth lengths from which suits are made. Prices from 50/-

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

"Bullets" Prize-winners

(Continued from page 39.)

100 Winners of 10s.:

A. Allan, 51, Deanhaugh St., Edinburgh.
G. L. Angear, 3, Lyttleton Terr., Torpoint.
W. Ball, 4, Pinxton Rd., Kirkby-in-Ashfield.
Mrs. G. H. Batcheler, 29, Akeman St., Tring.
Miss Beighton, 4, Holte Villa, Cardworth, B'ham.
N. Benson, 246, Cleveland St., Birkenhead.
F. T. Bower, 141, Westfield Rd., West Ealing.
W. Bullock, 2, Second Av., Copsewood, Coventry.
W. H. Braham, Baumber, Horncastle, Lincs.
F. Bridle, 4, St. Andrews Rd., Northbourne, Didcot.
Mrs. Brooks, Spring Cottage, Questhills, Malvern.
G. W. Brumby, 110, Pinner Rd., Oxhey, Watford.
Mrs. D. M. Bryson, 187, Peartree Lane, Welwyn.
A. Chandler, 32, Southcliff Rd., Southampton.
H. Chatterton, 112, Abingdon Rd., Middlesbrough.
L. M. Cockerill, Newton-le-Willows, Yorks.
K. C. Crossman, The Globe, Walton, Bridgwater.
B. Crowther, 7, Sowood Av., Ossett, Nr. Wakefield.
A. E. Croxford, 50, Kingsdown Av., West Ealing.
R. Dards, 129, New City Rd., Plaistow, E.
Mrs. A. Davies, 8, Twining Rd., Edgbaston, B'ham.
G. H. Davis, 60, Cecil Rds., Wealdstone, Middx.
L. Dawson, Beast Fair, Snaith, Nr. Goole.
Miss E. Debenham, 141, Kingston Rd., Ilford.
G. D. Dewar, 10, Swindon St., Dalmuir, N.B.
W. Edwards, 22, Argyle Rd., Weymouth.
W. Eglin, 72, Hillman St., Belfast.
Mrs. J. Filkins, 6, Dennets Grove, New Cross, S.E.
J. B. Fitch, Ivydale, St. Anns Rd., Clacton-on-Sea.
R. Fleming, 356, Scotland St., Glasgow.
R. Foster, 112, Faraday Rd., Lenton, Nottingham.
M. V. Francis, 28, Kensington Place, Newport, Mon.
C. G. Godfrey, 9, Elmdale Terr., Bideford.
F. B. Gosling, 66, Fairview Rd., London, N.
Mrs. Gunnell, 95, Haywood Rd., Mapperley, Notts.
J. A. Hall, 43, Withnell Rd., Blackpool.
A. W. Harris, 52, East St., Pontypridd.
S. H. Harris, 73, Gordon Rd., Wanstead, E.
G. Hart, 10, Mudges Terr., Gunnislake, Cornwall.
E. Hayler, The Bowers, Westfield, Battle, S.O.
A. Hewitt, 57, Mooreland Rd., Fratton, Portsmouth.
W. Hitchen, Crags School, Maltby, Rotherham.
Miss R. Holmes, Stonar House, Agate Rd., Clacton.
W. Holmes, 28, Bowness St., Hr. Openshaw, M/c.
C. W. Hopkinson, Fackley Rd., Mansfield, Notts.
M. Hopla, 19, Dunmow Rd., Stratford, E.
A. Hughes, 45, Fothergill's Rd., New Tredegar, Mon.
C. Hukin, 53, Headingley Mount, Leeds.
K. Hunter, 2, St. Georges Grove, Woolcock St., Hull.
B. Johns, 68, Queen's Rd., Gosport, Hants.
L. Larkin, 52, Clancarty Rd., Fulham, S.W.
E. Lees, Marlborough Lodge, Bath.
Mrs. M. Lewis, 38, Council St., Stanley, R.S.O.
R. Littlejohn, Park Av., Withernsea, Yorks.
T. Lloyd, 194, Manchester Rd. East, Little Hulton.
D. J. Loveday, Woodlands, Uppr. Cwmbran, Mon.
R. F. Macaulay, Nethermuir, Meikleour, Perth.
N. MacNeil, c/o McLean, Castlebay, Isle of Barra.
R. Marshall, Senr., Boot Stores, Cranbrook, Kent.
E. Maw, 20, Hope St., Mill Rd., Cambridge.
H. May, 82, Pottery St., Whitwood Mere, Yorks.
Mrs. S. Mills, 1, Rose Terr., Addingham, Ilkley.
E. E. Mills, 42, Arundel Rd., Brighton.
Mrs. Nicholls, Bungalow, Calstor Rd., Laceby.
H. Nuttall, 37, Chapel St., New Mills, Ches.
T. O'Donovan, 50, Jones St., Phillipstown, Mon.
Mrs. Oldham, 16, Robinson St., Edgeley, Stockport.
Mrs. G. Outhet, 74, Nelson St., Scarborough.
Mrs. M. F. Perkins, 25, Broad St., Ludlow, Salop.
A. D. Pompa, High St. West, Sunderland.
E. M. Price, 252, Newport Rd., Cardiff.
T. Proctor, 60, Station St., Ashbourne, Derbys.
W. Putman, 15, Cornwall Rd., Fratton, Portsmouth.
J. H. Raby, 92, Horsa St., Tonge Moor, Bolton.
E. Ratcliffe, 14, Darlington Rd., Withington, M/c.
G. Reynolds, 1, Marlborough St., Fenton, Stoke.
E. V. Rumbold, Chipping Warden, Banbury, Oxon.
D. L. Samuel, 72, Clarendon St., Leamington.
T. Savage, 155, Radcliffe Rd., Golcar, Yorks.
D. Scales, Gopsall St. L.C.C. School, Shoreditch.
Miss B. Shackleton, 34, Park Rd., Sittingbourne.
R. Sheppard, 64, Tottenhall Rd., Palmers Green.
E. Simmonds, 11, Randsway, Nacton Estate, Ipswich.
G. Simmonds, 144, High St., Abersychan, Pontypool.
Dr. J. Smith, 1, Mowbray Rd., South Shields.
F. Stamper, 15, Alders Av., Chinley, Stockport.
W. Snelling, Brewery House, Froyle, Alton, Hants.
Miss A. E. Swan, 303, Blackburn Rd., Accrington.
E. G. Syrett, 16, Hafton Rd., Catford, S.E.
H. Thraves, 12, Victoria St., Nottingham.
A. Trethowan, 33, Tolcarne Rd., Newquay.
T. Tyson, 31, Maybrick Rd., Bath.
J. Ware, Little Downgate, Punnett's Town, Sussex.
K. Weightman, Nottingham Rd., Alfreton.
J. Welch, 92, New Rd., Chatham.
W. Wells, 3, Valentine Row, Mount Bridge, Boston.
H. Wheatley, Wrights Drove, Crowland, Lincs.
G. White, 13, Lorna Rd., Hove, Sussex.
A. C. Williams, 11, Beech Walk, Crayford, Kent.
D. Wyld, 19, William St., Charlestown, Nr. Shipley.

A Complete List of 200 5/- and 500 2/6 Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull"

The original Cheque for £333 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 639 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Phillips, High Street, Mountain Ash, Glam.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 643.

BRITAIN'S WAY—OUR GREATEST NEED—HOW TO IMPROVE TRADE—THE NATION'S SAFE—FATHER'S HOLIDAY—WITH A SHORE—FOREIGN GOODS—GIRL I MARRIED—ARMAMENTS RACE—MAN AT THE WHEEL—MOTHER NATURE—WHAT THE SPY SAID—PEACE AND PROSPERITY—SAID TO THE UNEMPLOYED—HER SECRET—SEEN BY THE SEA—WHAT HE FORGOT—WHAT WE'RE WORKING FOR—WOMAN OF TO-MORROW—WHAT IS A TRIAL?

These Examples may be made use of on the Coupons on page 30, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, JULY 14th.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **643** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. **643**, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.). Such Coupons must not contain Examples for "Bullets" No. **642.**

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the first three Prizes in Competition No. 642 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

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The Berkeley

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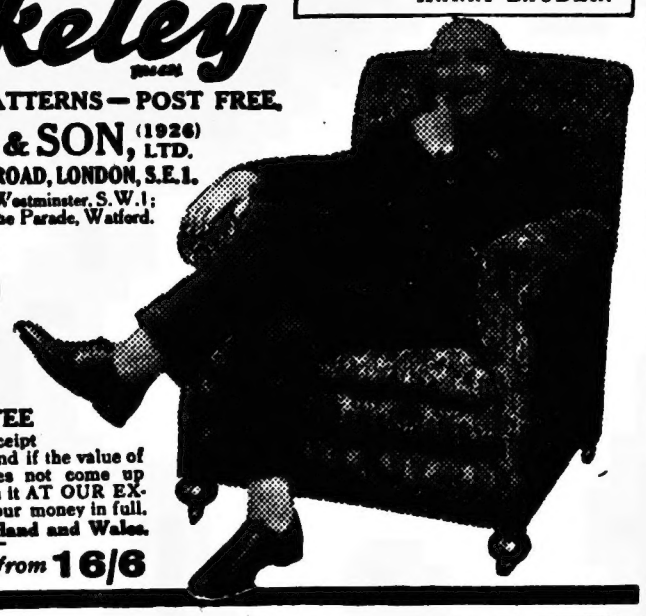

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SMART SHOES FOR LADIES on Easy Terms. Fashionable models are being supplied by Messrs. H. J. Warwick & Co., whose advertisement you will see on page 4.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

64-PAGE book about herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—TRIMNELL, The Herbal, 6, 144, Richmond Rd., Cardiff. Est. 1879.

SHOULD HUSBANDS BE DENIED A straightforward talk to men; of vital importance to those about to become fathers, in this week's "Health and Strength," 3d. from all Newsagents or 4d. post free from J. Burt, 54, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

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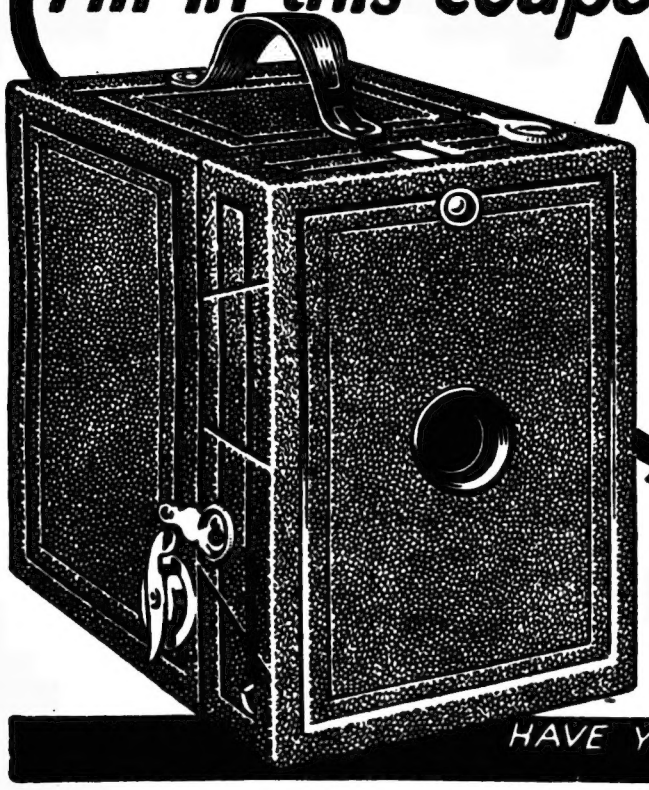

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JOHN BULL

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Why?

Although Parliament has only just reassembled M.P.s are already looking forward to the long vacation. Why the reform of the Poor Law and the Factories Bill stand postponed is a mystery. The latter, especially, is pressing.

Sticking to the Last.

Ministers are singing "No General Election until term of office is up." There's a fact that prompts the song. By-elections haven't struck exactly the right note for the Government.

Get On With It.

The present unemployment insurance scheme comes to an end in August. Will the existing scheme be renewed or a new one prepared? It is time that the country had an answer.

Plenty of Work.

Meanwhile, time *must* be found to introduce new legislation dealing with rent restriction. Unless precautions are taken the distress will be terrible.

An Axe at the Root?

From the taxpayer's point of view, the centre of interest this week is not at Westminster but at Geneva. The Naval Limitation Conference could, and should, be the best of Economy Committees.

A Matter for the People.

The pity is that the Naval Conference is too much one between Navy Departments. It would be more likely to bring a blessing to the world if it included direct representatives of the people who pay in treasure and blood.

Where Navies were Abolished.

Exactly 110 years ago Britain and the United States dismantled, sold or sank all their war craft on the American Great Lakes. The Canadian frontier has since extended to the Pacific in peace. That kind of "scrapping" is the surest preventive of the other kind.

Going Ahead.

Up by £10,000,000 in May and back to normal, the British export trade should do as well or better during the coming months, with stimulating reactions on home sales.

The Non-stop Way.

Undoubtedly the prevailing spirit of all Parties to industry is to make the most of the trade revival. Union leaders know that, strategically, there is nothing like a spell of good trade to help any wage movement.

The Cost.

America's financial surplus for the year is £119,800,000. But for the war a good portion of it would still have been in this country.

One Way.

Teachers are showing their scholars London's "League of Flowers" planted in Kensington Gardens. Blossoms from Mexico, China, Siberia, Bulgaria, Spain, Africa, Japan, and other countries flourish together, and do not oust one another from their territory. It is a useful lesson.

Glory of War.

In the Great War, 807,451 of our men were killed, 64,907 were missing, 2,059,134 were wounded, 39,000 lost legs and arms, 2,000 were blinded and over 6,000 went insane. Who, not insane, would go on increasing the rivalry that makes it all possible again?

The Indictment.

There are 19,900 wounded still undergoing treatment, 154,000 war-widows, 265,000 war-orphans, and 750,000 unemployed ex-soldiers, of whom 60,000 are disabled. If they could all be paraded in one sad procession daily there'd be no trouble in getting everybody to work hard for the League of Nations.

She Knew the Need.

"It is all I can afford," said a poor widow who gave 2s., spared with difficulty, towards the £1,000,000 needed to provide the youngsters with National playing fields. Only a few coppers, but bestowed in the way that tells.

The Princely Gift.

Mr. W. H. Morris, in giving £10,000 to the Borstal Association, has emphasised the humanities. To enable poor parents living at a distance to visit their children is a good deed. Even the lad who has lapsed need not be denied affection.

The Memorial.

Seven hundred acres of land in Canada, intended by the late Colonel Campbell for his own settlement, have been given by his widow for the use of ex-Servicemen settlers. It is a form of remembrance that could not be bettered.

Improvement Pending.

Weymouth Corporation proposes to build houses at £337 each to accommodate people now living under bad conditions. It's time somebody made a start with cheap housing.

In the North.

Juvenile unemployment officers in industrial centres are doing good work in finding situations for youngsters just left school. But that's the trouble. What's wanted is work for men, and children kept at school.

WIN A "BULLETS" HOLIDAY!

LET "Bullets" pay for your holiday this year! Fifty Holiday Fivers and other Holiday Prizes offered this week. (See page 39.)

God Gave the Land!

Mr. Trevelyan's Bill "to secure to the public the right of free access to uncultivated mountains and moorlands" must become law. There's health in the Highlands of Scotland, shut up, at present, to a few rich—often from over the seas.

The Scandal.

The tale of locked land in these islands has never yet fully been told. No wonder some men see red when villagers are forced to feed children on tinned milk as milk-bearing kine cannot be bred because "sport" is preferred.

Fine!

Town-planning committees, working in unison, are striving to keep ugliness from extensions to Greater London. Through their efforts there will be less to deplore and pull down in the future.

Better!

Road improvement in the south has begun in good earnest. Bad roads are being widened and plans laid to afford villages relief by the provision of bypass routes. For years we've done our share in pointing out the need for it.

Cleaner Meat.

For contravening regulations ensuring cleanliness in carrying meat, London offenders are being fined in some cases £10. Similar vigilance, throughout the country, will soon set matters right.

Pure Savagery.

Reports of a secret dog-fighting club with a 20-ft. ring where spectators witness dogs fight until one gets a stranglehold are disquieting. This country can't rattle back to barbarity at the whim of a few degraded idlers.

Their Daily Dose.

A slight overwind, and the cage at Wimblebury pit, Cannock Chase, crashed, hurling fourteen men to a jumble of broken thighs and other injuries. Peace hath her heroes. Miners who toil cheerfully in face of their terrible risks are among them.

Full Weight!

The "Housewives' Charter," the Act of Parliament ensuring net weight and plain prices to purchasers of food, comes into force on July 1. It's up to consumers to see that its provisions are complied with.

Blunt Truth.

"Criminals are mugs," sums up Edgar Wallace, the eminent criminologist. Crime never made happiness. That it doesn't even make a decent income drives another nail in its coffin.

The Egg.

"Do housewives want their breakfast egg stamped with the country of origin?" is a question to be decided solemnly by a Government Committee. What a lot of housewives want is a bit of land to keep a few hens of their own, and when the country is sensible they'll get it.

The Kindly Act.

When corporation workmen waited outside Bangor Town Hall for their wages an angler made a distribution of his catches, some of which weighed up to 6 lb. Fish stories aren't all tall. This one speaks both modesty and kindness.

Happy State.

West Wales has been holding up the mirror to virtue. Six prisoners only were brought up for trial at the Carmarthenshire Assizes and none at all in Pembroke or Cardiganshire, nor at the Breconshire Assizes. We should like to see other areas compete.

Gallows Escaped.

Five years is a terrible sentence, but the attempted crime of Frederick James Smith, tobacconist, who fixed the gas pipes so as to endanger the life of his son, with whom he was not on good terms, was worse. Smith is lucky indeed that he escaped the capital charge.

Prison Farce.

The farce of imprisoning such men as Joseph Barnes, of Hull, who has spent seventeen years in penal servitude, has served many sentences, and at forty-eight is to undergo a further twelve months' hard labour for obtaining money on false pretences is patent. We look to the day when it is rare for a man or woman to acquire the prison habit.

Woman's Gift to Women.

Men, boys over five and bands are barred from the recreation-ground that Mrs. Smithson, of Hitchin, has given to the town. Her wish to provide a place of rest for women, girls and young children, where they can be undisturbed by the pranks of mischievous boys, will appeal to mothers. We think the idea worth following elsewhere.

Scandalous Profits.

Caring for nothing so long as money can be squeezed out of unfortunate tenants, a Nottingham man, controlling six houses, has sub-let them to thirty-six families, while a woman sublet eight houses to thirty-one families. Investigations are to be made, and we hope a speedy end will be put to so disastrous a form of profiteering.

Gold that Glitters.

Few showers can have been more welcome than that which dropped packets containing £50 in gold on each of the six branches of the National Children's Home and Orphanage. The unknown donor could hardly have applied his Midas touch to better advantage than in keeping some 4,000 children going for the best part of a day.

A Worthy Captain.

It was heart-breaking trouble that drove Henry McDonald to attempt to drown himself in the Mersey at Liverpool. Fortunately he was saved, and one of his rescuers, Captain Webster, of the Elder Dempster Line, saw to it afterwards that McDonald had a job and his wife the chance of a home and happiness. Some captains of men are constantly doing good in the world.

First-aid Pinch.

While John Ullman, of Dalston, was lying badly injured after an accident at King's Cross Underground Station someone robbed him of £30. In two other accidents injured men have been robbed. If the thieves can be brought to book we shall look to the administrators of justice to make an example of those who rob the injured. The crime is almost as bad as robbing the dead.

A Bad Case.

We can understand the distress of Mr. Tassell at not being able to mete out proper punishment to James Hucken, of Bermondsey, who although he had earned £70 during the last six months, had drawn £175 19s. in out relief during the same period. Such a serious fraud merits more than a month's hard labour, and we think the magistrate should have power to administer it.

A Fine Gift.

One of the pleasantest birthday gifts we have ever received comes from France. "A. G. H.," a constant reader of twenty-one years, sends a twenty-first birthday present for JOHN BULL'S "Greatest of These—" Fund—and the present was a cheque for £21! "A. G. H." may rest assured that he has brought a gleam of light into the darkness of more than one sorrowful home!

Do as We Say.

An applicant for relief was told by the Wandsworth Guardians that his case could not be considered as it was known that he had been guilty of taking betting slips. Five minutes after he had taken his departure, the guardians themselves got up their Derby sweepstake. What hypocrisy!

Plucky Dinah.

Quite unabashed when pushed down into a basement by a man whom she thought was a thief, Dinah Steinberg, of Stoke Newington, aged nine, got out of the house, secured a policeman, came back with him, and enabled the policeman to catch him. Dinah's mother is to be congratulated on having a daughter with her wits about her.

Baker with Brains.

Convinced that sun-soaked food is rich in vitamines, Mr. J. H. Merrett, of Cardiff, is irradiating his bread during manufacture with artificial sunshine, in order that children eating it shall not be afflicted with rickets. It is a fine experiment, and one more proof that commercial success should be synonymous with service to the community.

The Evidence of Work.

There is no limit to the use of red tape by Ministry of Labour clerks. One scribe told an unemployed man called as a witness at an inquest at Hackney to ask the coroner to decide whether giving evidence constituted employment. Of course, the coroner said it did not. We advise the official to take a correspondence course in cerebral gymnastics instead of propounding fool questions for the unemployed to ask.

Those Spendthrift Miners.

We have had our attention drawn to the budget of a Welsh collier. Prior to June 1 a full week brought him in £2 10s. less 2s. 6d. insurances. This has since been reduced by about 10 per cent. During the week which contained three compulsory holidays he was able to give his wife a whole pound out of which to pay rent of 9s. 6d. and to support a home containing six children. And yet these ungrateful fellows are not satisfied!

The Human Machine

Life's Good!

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

I LIKE life. I enjoy every minute of it. I find it very good to be alive and I'm not frightened to say so.

Why should I be? It's fun to play and it's fun to work—and if you don't agree with me, just try hard to find enjoyment in everything you do before you start quarrelling with me.

If you don't like life you don't live. You only exist. If you don't find as much fun in your work as in your play you're not working—you're slacking.

And if you enjoy life and are frightened to "tell the world"—why, you're a humbug!

If you tell me that the world is a rotten place to live in, I'll tell you that it's your own fault.

There's nothing wrong with Nature. What's the matter with green fields and trees and flowers? Have you any grouse against the song of the birds? Don't you like the sun? Does a star-lit sky annoy you?

OF course, we can make all these things unpleasant if we like; but if we do, let's put the blame on the right shoulders.

Don't let's be humbugs and blame life for what we are trying to do to it!

"Mr. Punch's" caustic query, "Is Life Worth Living?—That Depends on the Liver!" is a profound piece of witty philosophy that wants a lot of beating!

If you don't like being alive give yourself a good shake—and try again. You'll be surprised!

Acid Test.

"No man should support war unless he himself is prepared to undergo all the hell of a bayonet charge." These are the words of the Rev. P. Carden, a Primitive Methodist minister of Norwich, and wiser were never uttered. If reckless warmongers were given to understand that those who unsheathe the sword must run the risk of perishing with the sword peace would reign from now till the crack of doom.

Daily Danger.

Three enquiries in six months as a result of shaft accidents is too many for a coroner to have to record. Will not employers and employed make of the accident that occurred to Alfred Knight, of Heywood, who was whirled to death by becoming entangled in a belt and carried round the shaft, an occasion to get something done to lessen the risk for operatives in future? Machinery designed for peaceful ends should not be allowed to take toll of lives.

Lapsed, but Hopeful.

It was a pity that Daniel Sullivan, an ex-convict, after running straight for a number of years, had to plead guilty to stealing copper cable from his employers, when charged at Marylebone. Weighing all evidence the magistrate took a chance and bound him over instead of breaking up his home with prison. That was humane. "Give a dog a bad name and hang it" may be true, but it is even more probable that if a man is given a chance he'll take it—that is, if his fellows trust him. Now it's up to Sullivan.

Cause and Effect.

The Rev. J. M. F. Dumphreys, Vicar of St. Philip's Church, Camberwell, must cheer up. He finds it pathetic that the parson only merits a call when somebody wants a loan, or an old suit, false teeth, a "hypothetical" character, or use of china. Doesn't the Church exist to help? Was not its Founder a helper? If the Church follows on in those footsteps it will gain the love of the poor, and incidentally be able to give "characters" that are by no means hypothetical, for it is through warm friendship and fellowship that men try to live as they ought to do.

Father's Fraud.

Being in receipt of forty-seven shillings weekly from the guardians, having already had £50 of the compensation of £325 awarded to his infant son for losing a leg, which amount was ordered to remain in court till the child's majority, John Bowen Wood, of Bromley-by-Bow, thought how he could make more money without working for it. So he forged receipts purporting to show payment for an artificial limb and secured another £12. For this mean swindle he has been sentenced to three months in the second division, and richly he deserves it.

Fines that are Folly.

To fine those creatures who would grow fat by adulterating the food of their fellows or who are guilty of wholesale robbery by habitually giving short weight is folly amounting to downright weakness. Two men were mulcted to the extent of £15 each at Marylebone, two others were fined £5 apiece, and a fifth had to pay £2 for giving short weight when selling strawberries from barrows in Oxford Street. After all, it is the victims who pay. To make imprisonment the inevitable penalty for this crime is the only way to stamp it out.

Slum Children's Holidays.

Picture if you can the delight of children who have never had a holiday outside a city being sent for a fortnight to the seaside and country. Although the scheme is only in its third year, the Glasgow Education Authority has been responsible for treating thousands of poor children to such a holiday. A fund of £10,000 is required, to raise which an Art Union, to which the Queen and Princess Louise have made presentations, is being formed. While children breathe who have never picked a buttercup or built a sand castle, such a scheme requires every support.

No Passports for Young "Reds."

We may be thankful that the Home Office Aliens Branch and the Foreign Office are waking up to the danger of allowing British children of whatever political principles to go to Russia as guests of the Young Communists, and will not grant them passports. We cannot understand any parents wanting their children to go. The Government, having broken off relations with the Soviet, has every right to put its foot down.

The Cheerful Blind.

"There's many a thing worse than blindness, and after all there's not much I cannot do." With such optimism Mr. Albert Allen, of North Walsham, crowns the fact that he is only able to tell light from darkness, while his ability to light the fire, bake, mend boots, deliver newspapers and give accurate change proves his worth as a worker. We take our hat off to a man who teaches us so well that cheerfulness and blindness are not of necessity enemies.

Baby the Sufferer.

A deficiency of 14 per cent. fats in milk is too lightly dismissed on payment of the analyst's fee and costs, while 31 per cent. deficit merits more than a £2 fine. As Mr. Gething, a member of the Glamorgan Council, pointed out, innocent babies were the sufferers, and we are glad a resolution was passed that the superintendent of police be instructed to apply for legal aid where there had been previous convictions or where circumstances were serious.

The Temptation.

"I can't find it in my heart to send this boy to prison" was the humane conclusion of the Mansion House magistrate when he heard all the evidence against William George Bentley, aged twenty-one, charged with stealing forks and spoons from a café where he was sent to deliver vegetables. He worked for 2s. 6d. a day. When it is added that Bentley is married, and in addition to his wife helps to keep his mother-in-law, it is easy to see where the court thought the blame lay. May the efforts of the probation officer to get this lad a better job be rewarded.

Ex-convict's Chance.

"I would rather go out of my way to help you than send you back to prison," said Mr. Hay Halkett, the Marylebone magistrate, in discharging William Weyland Champion, an ex-convict, accused of failing to make his monthly report to the police. Starving, penniless and dogged by "a man from Parkhurst," Champion had given himself up to justice as a last resource. The treatment he has received and the promise of help from the court missioner should do something to convince him that the modern magistrate is not debarred from taking a human standpoint.

Homeless Children.

The Cardigan Guardians are in the predicament of having to find accommodation for thirty children at present living in the local workhouse. As the inspector of the Ministry of Health points out, the law prohibiting the keeping of children in workhouses was passed fourteen years ago. Pending an order for their evictment, we hope everything will be done to get the little ones adopted or settled with their own parents. No amount of keeping the law can be weighed in the balance against a homeless baby, than which there is no sight more pitiable.

Interesting Experiment.

Only recently out of prison, with twenty-two convictions behind him, a man of fifty, accused of stealing a deed-box at the Westminster Guardians' office, has been given another chance and placed on probation. The Wesleyan chaplain of Pentonville Prison declared that the man's mentality had not been sufficiently considered hitherto, and it would be dangerous for him to mix with criminals. A former employer was willing to give him work. Can we wonder that the magistrate said he would watch the case with great interest? And what a feather in the cap of our more enlightened methods of dealing with crime if the experiment succeeds!

The Tragic Toll.

We are informed that no fewer than six Cardiff girls have recently been reported as missing, and in each case they replied in the first place to newspaper advertisements of situations vacant in London. It is gravely to be feared that some, at least, have fallen victims to the vile white-slave traffickers, who still carry on their barbarous barter in spite of international police precautions. These fiends in human form must be stamped out once and for all, no matter at what cost.

All for Two Shillings!

W. F. Johnson and Co., of New Oxford Street, London, W.C., are apparently self-denying philanthropists. They are fairly bristling with money-making ideas, yet do they wish to gather in wealth for themselves? Not a bit of it. They prefer to follow the dull, routine labour of distributing their secrets amongst the public at 2s. a time. If you believe in such generosity you must be just the sort of person W. F. Johnson and Co. desire to find.

A Very Pleasing Sequel.

Some months have elapsed since we devoted considerable space in these columns to an exposure of the shameful methods adopted by the Lancashire and General Assurance Co., Ltd., and now our exposure has been followed by a pleasing sequel. A compulsory winding-up order has been made by Mr. Justice Eve, who expressed the opinion that the company ought not to continue to exist. The pity is that is has been permitted to exist for so long.

Treasure Trove Trio.

It is some time now since John Fenn set off on his "Peruvian Gold Expedition," which was to yield a return of £5,000 in return for every £5 subscribed. It is also some time since the venture was reorganised as "The Hapo Peruvian Explorations, Ltd." The fortunes have not been realised, yet the faith of the public is still being invited by a new concern known as "The Investors' Service," which has "evolved a plan" which "cannot fail to benefit the shareholders." How much longer are subscribers to be paid in promises?

Dope Gangs Smashed.

Ten years ago opium-dens and illicit drug-trafficking houses were to be found in nearly every street within a radius of thirty-seven square miles round Ilford and Limehouse. That to-day these districts, gloomy though they may appear, are thoroughly "whitewashed," is due chiefly to the work of Inspector Hall, who is retiring from the C.I.D. of Scotland Yard after thirty-five years' service. The value of his work is to be recognised by everyone who understands the evils brought about by these dope gangs.

Landlady's Dilemma.

What has happened to the Civil Service Advertising Company, a concern conducted by two gentlemen named Jules Espinet and William Hills? It has vanished from its office at 34, Medina Road, Finsbury Park, N., and a Southwold reader who paid a pound to advertise her apartments through its agency is wondering when, if ever, she is going to see some return for her money. The postal authorities cannot help, as they are merely returning correspondence, marked "Gone away."

Specialist's Specious Claims.

Describing himself as a "specialist," a person named H. A. Wright, of Wigan Road, Bolton, Lancs, is setting oculists, hospitals and ophthalmic institutes at defiance. "Glasses are absolutely useless as a cure for weak and defective eyesight!" is one of his sweeping assertions, and for 15s. 6d. he offers "a full course of treatment" to enable sufferers to discard their glasses forthwith! Talk of this sort is cheap enough, but the eyes are too valuable to be treated by any but established and highly qualified oculists.

50 MORE £5 5s. CHEQUES
for Registered Readers
SEE PAGE 2

Problems of Life

Great and Small

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

MR. C. F. G. MASTERMAN takes us behind the scenes of public affairs in telling us that the reputations of prominent men are often built up on the work done by unknown officials who neither expect nor receive any credit for it.

Rt. Hon. C. F. G. Masterman

The man who makes this revelation frankly acknowledges that he himself when in office was utterly dependent on the ability and expert knowledge of Civil servants whose names the public never heard.

The legal advisers of the Crown—the Lord Chancellor, the Solicitor-General, and in a sense the Home Secretary, for example—are often applauded and admired for clever pronouncements with which they themselves have had little or nothing to do beyond repeating in Parliament the particulars supplied by their subordinates.

BUT does it matter? Mr. Masterman thinks not. He says—and I am sure he is right—that a very large proportion of the best work that is being done in the world is being done by men and women who shun the limelight and prefer a small sphere to a great one.

I will go farther and say that some of the finest lives that are being lived in this and other countries to-day are the lives of people who have never occupied and never expect to occupy other than humble positions.

I know not a few such, and they are to me a perpetual reminder of the illusoriness of many of our standards of value.

Maurice Maeterlinck says in his book, "Wisdom and Destiny": "There is not an act of beauty or nobility whereof man is capable, but can find complete expression in the simplest, most ordinary life; and all that cannot be expressed therein must of necessity belong to the falsehoods of vanity, ignorance, and sloth."

And Dean Inge, who has tried both, gives it as his considered judgment that the man in a humble position has no need to envy his neighbour who has climbed higher.

He says: "What is called a narrow sphere does not matter much. A broad mind is not much cramped by a narrow sphere."

I ALWAYS feel specially sorry for the person, old or young, who is burning with discontent because his work in life is not to his mind or because the arena wherein his lot is cast is a restricted one, and he cannot get out of it.

One meets many such people, and they are, indeed, to be pitied, for there is nothing more fatal to peace of heart than a discontented, protesting, murmuring spirit.

The job by which you can earn your bread is not your whole life. Your real life is thought, ideas, beauty, fellowship, cheer.

Make it the best and finest thing you can.

AMAZING BLACKMAIL PLOT

A GANG OF RELENTLESS LEECHES

Colonial's Terrible Story

NEXT to murder, blackmail is the worst offence in Britain's calendar of crime. And rightly so. But though the penalties are high the profits are fabulous.

A notorious gang, with "The Squint-eyed Sheik," alias James Dawson, alias Jimmy Stewart, at its head, succeeded in obtaining something like £30,000 from a retired captain in a remarkably short time.

Thanks to the publicity in JOHN BULL and the patient activities of the police, the principal figures in the exploits carried out by the above-named gang are out of harm's way.

But the menace has not ended, for we have discovered that there are two other gangs at large, upholding all the traditions of their departed *confrères*.

A nice lot

One gang, known in the underworld and to Scotland Yard as the "Shaftesbury Millionaires," is under the control of a man who uses several aliases, the most frequent of which is "Revier." He is notorious in various countries as a card-sharper and thief of the first order.

"Revier," or "Gentleman Gerald," as he is known by his confederates, has operated during the past few years in America, Germany, France and England, and is a familiar figure at Monte Carlo during the fashionable seasons.

He was recently in London, though where he is at the present moment is an unfathomable mystery. He owes his successes to an ability to spring up suddenly from nowhere, perpetrate an audacious coup, and then disappear with equal suddenness.

Most of his associates are ex-jail birds who, despite their criminal records, contrive to live in luxury in the heart of Mayfair.

One is a man who, known also by various aliases and familiarly as "Mac," has already been to prison for fraud. He is the second string of the gang, and "Revier" has a very sound third in an individual called "Reggie," a notorious card-sharper.

Costly "spree"

A case reported to Scotland Yard within the last few weeks concerns a young officer, extremely well-connected, who admittedly came to London for a "spree."

The most despicable tactics were employed by "Revier's" gang in this instance to gain a mastery over their victim. Women were employed in the plot, and in six weeks, according to the victim's story to the police, he paid no less than £11,000 to the gang as the price of its silence.

And he is paying still! His great fear is that, if his people get to know, he will be ruined socially. To him silence is worth the £11,000 he has paid, because, amongst other things, his mother's heart would be broken.

This poor fellow is now practically penniless.

Perhaps the worst coup of the other West End gang concerned a colonial gentleman who, in sheer desperation, eventually went with his story to Scotland Yard.

But, terrified at the prospect of having to give evidence against his defilers in open court, he drew back at the eleventh hour, and his blood-sucking accusers have thus escaped.

"Mr. James Dawson"

The colonial gentleman was over in England on holiday, and was standing in the lounge of a well-known West End hotel when two smartly-dressed men wandered in.

Being a stranger, and having nothing to do, he asked them if they could recommend a good "show."

Diabolical scheme

The conversation was prolonged over drinks, and the two men suggested that they would be pleased to pass the evening with him.

The happy trio proceeded to see "Blackbirds," and the colonial gentleman was soon to realise the irony of his companions' choice, for blackmail, in the language of the fraternity, is often referred to as "blacking the guy" or "blacking the bird."

At the conclusion of the show the trio parted, but arranged a meeting for the following day.

Little did the colonial dream that his new friends were two of the worst fleecers in London.

Another show was visited on the following day, and after a further period had elapsed the colonial was invited to a flat just off Regent Street.

By this time, of course, the gang had ascertained that their prospective victim was a wealthy and somewhat mild-mannered man, and the flat to which they had lured him was one used by an associate for fleecing the lambs decoyed there.

At first the programme indulged in at the flat was innocent in the extreme. A gramophone was played and the decorum observed might almost have been voted "tame" in many a suburban home.

But, as the evening wore on, the colonial was plied with drink after drink until the fumes set up by the unaccustomed indulgence eventually robbed him of his faculties. When his senses returned on the following morning he discovered with surprise that he had slept at the flat.

And his awakening was accompanied by a shock as terrible as any ever borne by one who has had the misfortune to fall into the hands of unscrupulous blackmailers.

Beside him in the bed was a little child!

The price of silence

Overwhelmingly bewildered, he staggered to the door. It was locked. And when he came to look about him he found that all his clothes were missing! Frantically he threw up the window and shouted for help. No one heard. He was a prisoner in the room of a top-floor flat!

There was nothing to do but to sit and wait. At about ten in the morning two men came to the room and confronted him angrily. One announced himself as "Mr. Murray," and demanded to know what the colonial was doing in such a compromising position with his child!

Mr. Murray swore that he would listen to no excuses and threatened to send for the police, adding that such despicable conduct would involve a sentence of anything up to twelve months.

Eventually, when the victim had recovered slightly from the shock of his predicament, Mr. Murray and his friend agreed to bargain with him.

They would return his clothes on condition that he would there and then write out a cheque for a sum running into three figures. Realising the dreadful details he would have to face if he prosecuted, the victim agreed. But he was not allowed to leave the flat until a member of the gang had first cashed the cheque.

A few days later the victim was approached again and a further cheque was thus extorted from him.

The colonial had the courage to stop payment, however, and went to the local police station. Later, unfortunately, he refused to go on with the case and in the circumstances the police were thus unable to bring the blackmailers to book.

Could anything be more dreadful? The significance of this gang's deadly work cannot be fully described, for, as will be appreciated, certain unsavoury details must be withheld.

Despicable parasites

But we have said enough to show that the lesson brought home to "Squint-eyed Taylor" has yet to be learned by people like "Revier" and other relentless leeches.

We trust that the authorities will soon find somebody with sufficient courage to proceed with an action, and that these despicable parasites will be punished with the utmost rigour of the law.

The Deadly Dance!

A Clerical Collector

A WEEK or so ago a young man in clerical attire called upon a Bournemouth reader and informed her that he was "collecting for home missions."

The outcome of his earnest conversation was that the lady of the house handed him sixpence in return for a journal "devoted to social and religious interests of the nation."

When she came to peruse this publication after the "clerical" gentleman's departure, our reader came to the conclusion that she had been more generous than wise.

The journal, priced at twopence, was known as *The British Sentinel*, and, to quote her own words, it struck her as being "a badly-got-up and dubious publication."

We respect her judgment, and do not propose to waste our readers' time by dwelling upon its contents. A few extracts from an article headed "The Dance and the Flirt" will suffice.

A peculiar disease

The dance, it appears, is deadly in the extreme, and is responsible for producing "a peculiar disease of the brain, sometimes defined as fickle-mindedness and flirting."

Having made this drastic assertion the article goes on to declare that "flirting is one of the most incurable diseases upon the face of the earth."

Finally, we read that "every nation that has given itself over to the pagan dance and flirtation has set in motion the most dangerous enemy to humanity and civilisation under the sun."

What exactly all this has to do with "home missions" we do not know, but we are able to say quite a lot about the remarkable publication in which the article appears.

The *British Sentinel* is edited by a lady named Alma White, M.A., who, not so very long ago, was editing a similar journal called *The Pillar of Fire*.

Amazing disclosures

The *Pillar of Fire* is an obscure religious organ of American origin, and the fact that its work seems to be closely allied with *The British Sentinel* prompts us to issue a few words of warning for the benefit of other housewives who may be subjected to a doorstep canvass.

Only a matter of months ago one of its collectors was convicted at Liverpool for having obtained charitable contributions by fraud.

Like the Bournemouth collector he had affected clerical attire and had begged on behalf of "home missions."

Amazing disclosures were made during the trial and it was stated that out of an amount of £3 12s. 8d. gleaned in one week's canvassing, only 2s. 6d. had been devoted to the cause of charity!

In these circumstances it would seem that some evils are even deadlier than the dance!

AN OLIVE-SKINNED ROGUE

THE COUNT WITH NO ACCOUNT

Hawke Among the Pigeons

A CULTURED, well-dressed man, who has an extraordinary *penchant* for striking up casual friendships with well-to-do people and then disappearing with whatever he can lay his hands on, is at present operating in various parts of the country with no small measure of success.

Tall and clean-shaven, with a wealth of dark, curly hair and a fascinating smile, he soon becomes a conspicuous figure at the fashionable hotels which he selects as his "headquarters."

His initial arrival is full of pomp and he is always careful to engage the most expensive apartments available, intimating by every spoken word and by every mannerism that he is accustomed to nothing but the best.

Complaints have been made about him at a number of such high-class establishments lately, for he has left their resplendent portals without discharging his account, and with the added picturesque touch of taking with him certain valuables belonging either to the hotel proprietors themselves or to their guests.

Oxford has been the scene of this nonchalant rascal's latest exploits.

Useful ass.ts

Arriving at a very select hotel, he engaged rooms by signing the register in the name of "A. M. D. Hawke," and his impudence is shown by the fact that his luggage included several items which he had stolen elsewhere.

He casually let drop the information that he had just come to this country from Cape Town, and, being immaculately attired, quickly attracted the attention of the other guests. His *debonair* manner and his persuasive tongue were additional assets which weighed very heavily in his favour.

As he possessed an olive skin, Mr. Hawke quite easily passed as "an Egyptian student" who was touring the great university cities of the world for the purpose of acquiring knowledge and experience.

In this way Mr. Hawke found it no difficult task to make the acquaintance of a number of Oxford undergraduates, who may be readily forgiven for lending an ear to his colourful conversation upon Eastern topics.

They did not know—how could they ?—that the agreeable stranger's pleasant and interesting conversation was being employed to lure them into his net.

P.undering progra.me

But there came a day when Mr. Hawke disappeared from his hotel owing a substantial sum, and taking with him a valuable little "souvenir" in the form of a suit-case containing clothes and jewellery belonging to a fellow-guest !

In addition to this booty, he also decamped with a number of other articles he had stolen from rooms adjacent to those he himself had occupied during his residence at the hotel.

Nor does this comprise the full extent of his plundering programme at Oxford. Getting into touch with various undergraduates in the manner already described, he went with them "sight-seeing" to other local establishments, where, when their backs were turned, he appropriated whatever small articles lay within his reach.

On some of his latter excursions he appeared in a blue blazer, which boasted the crest of a famous college, and, to further his schemes, sported other articles of apparel, purchased purposely to create the impression that he was an undergraduate himself !

Double danger

This particular college blazer, it is interesting to note, was one of several articles purchased by Mr. Hawke from a local store patronised chiefly by undergraduates.

The cheque tendered in payment has now been returned marked "no account," and it is by no means the first unsatisfactory cheque to be passed by Mr. Hawke during his sojourn at Oxford.

In fact, since his hurried departure at the beginning of this month, it has been discovered that his ill-gotten "luggage" included no fewer than three stolen cheque-books !

For the information of the public we would draw particular attention to the banks actually concerned. One book is on William Deacons Bank (Manchester), the second on Barclays Bank (Richmond), and the third on the local branch of the Westminster Bank, Ltd.

With these three valuable instruments in his unscrupulous hands at the present time, the olive-skinned gentleman from Cape Town becomes doubly dangerous.

He can now foist worthless cheques upon unsuspecting people without having to employ the various subterfuges which have stood him in such good stead in the past.

We trust, therefore, that this timely warning will be instrumental in drawing widespread attention to Hawke's possible activities and thereby prevent him from negotiating any of these stolen cheques. Hotelkeepers and general traders should be particularly alert.

The Very Rev. Sir G. Adam Smith, D.D., Chairman of the Universities Bureau, whose attention we draw to this matter

And, at this juncture, it may be as well to throw a little light upon this remarkable figure.

In the first place, we are in a position to state that Mr. A. M. D. Hawke is not "of Cape Town" at all. He originally saw the light of day in the West Indies, where he was born exactly thirty years ago.

"Count" counted out

His real name is Markergee, though it is apparent that he has adopted a variety of aliases. Amongst the names which he has seemed to favour most we may cite those of "Fitzgerald," "McNeal," "Humphreys" and "Marcate."

On one occasion, too, he posed as a "Count" and, for his pains, received a term of imprisonment.

In one name or another he is well known to the police, and his Oxford exploits seem to suggest that he is qualifying as rapidly as he can for yet another sentence.

THE SERPENT IN EDEN

A HEARTBREAK PARADISE

SOME twelve years ago, a Mr. Brooke, who lodged in the same house as a journeyman tailor, asked the latter's young daughter to marry him. He was then a reporter in receipt of a good salary.

The girl hadn't much of a life, and his lavish presents of flowers, chocolates and books fascinated her.

After the marriage he made no attempt to provide her with a home, though he was earning good money, and in 1916 he went to the Front. The eldest child Marjory was born in the same year.

Callous conduct

When in France, he neglected to write to his wife for a whole year. After the war, though he was earning about six guineas a week, he still made no attempt to provide his wife and two little girls with a home.

When a third baby was expected, Mrs. Brooke had seen nothing of her husband for some months. In despair, she called at his office and, hearing he was out, left a note imploring him to come and see her, as she was going into the workhouse.

He came to her at 11.30 that night and said he would send some money.

Left the country

Her boy was born in the Middlesex Hospital. Her husband did not go near her.

Mrs. Brooke was then advised to go to the police court and apply for a summons against her husband. A separation order was granted, giving her the custody of the children and a maintenance order of £2 per week.

As Mr. Brooke made no attempt to pay her this money, at the end of three weeks he was summoned again. And so it went on. Unless he was summoned, he paid nothing.

The only time he ever saw his little son was when, outside the police court, he passed his wife carrying the baby. He was with another person, and he took no notice.

Finally, he ignored the summonses altogether, and ultimately Mrs. Brooke heard that he had left the country. The police cannot trace him.

Mrs. Brooke's father is now broken in health and worn out with the long struggle to maintain his daughter and his grandchildren. For years he has slept uncomfortably on a broken-down chair-bedstead, giving up his bed for the mother and her children.

Poor kiddies !

And how the children suffered ! The eldest girl, now ten years old, has a weak heart through under-feeding, and has to undergo an operation on her throat.

The little boy should undergo an operation, but is in such an ill-nourished state that the doctors will not risk operating.

A few weeks ago, the poor mother reached despair. Her father was ill, and could not earn sufficient to keep them, and he sorely needed his bed to rest in at night.

The ugly serpen

She could find no room for herself and the children, and there seemed nothing but the workhouse, entailing a heart-breaking separation from her little ones.

Then she managed to find a top-floor back room in a street close to her father, and, with the help of a sister-in-law, bought a bed and bedding on the instalment system big enough to hold herself and the children.

There is nothing else in the shabby room, but it is to her a little Paradise where, if only she can keep up the payments for rent and bed, she can have her children with her. The terrible anxiety over a small weekly and monthly sum is the ugly serpent in her Eden.

It is a serious blot on British justice that is apparently incapable of bringing a sneak like Brooke to serious account.

THE TOUTING QUACK

"PROFS." ON THE PROWL

A Much-needed Black List

DESPITE repeated exposures, vendors of patent medicines and appliances find ready customers. Scant sympathy would be found for these but for the serious consequences that so often follow.

ALTHOUGH the majority of touts prefer to operate through the medium of the post, there are still numerous survivors of the old brigade who favour the ancient method of touring from city to town and from town to hamlet, reaping a quick harvest *en route*, and leaving nothing very tangible behind them.

Chief amongst these travelling touts must be numbered the vendors of patent medicines and surgical appliances, though the eye-sight "specialists" come in as a close second.

"Some" degrees

A representative example of the first-named fraternity, taken at random from this week's post-bag, is Dr. John Hopkinson, "osteopathy and chiropratic," who, according to his handbills, has just opened rooms for consulting at Roundhay Road, Leeds.

The same handbill, which is not exactly an imposing specimen of the printer's art, describes "Dr." Hopkinson as the "greatest specialist in epilepsy, nervous diseases, scientific botany and general diagnosis," and those who desire "pleasure of life" are urged to see him at once.

It is quite likely that ignorant people—particularly those whose sufferings prompt them to clutch at any straw—will be impressed by the great array of letters which "Dr." Hopkinson prints after his name.

He is, we read, "D.O.D.C. by exam.; L.G.P.C. Diploma, London; Life Governor of the London College of Physiology; I.P.P.I. London; M.L.P.I. Diploma and A.N.A.M.H. by exam., London.

While these "degrees" certainly take up more space than plain "M.D.," we would point out that they carry not the slightest weight in the orthodox medical world.

Another recent visitor to Yorkshire was Professor J. F. Ray, "the distinguished health specialist," who took up temporary quarters at the schoolroom, Coxwold.

Though the professor did not boast any degrees, his handbills were of a superior quality, and announced that he was conducting "a crusade against suffering."

New life, new hope

His chief claim seems to be that he was at one time attached to the Medical Service 11th French Army Corps.

Apart from giving free health consultations as "the inventor of an electro medical appliance," the professor held out "new life for those who suffer and new hope for those who dwell in darkness" in a series of lectures "of unparalleled human interest."

His chosen subjects were nothing if not varied. On Sunday, we read, his subject was "Democracy and Sin"; on Thursday, "Faces and how to read them," while on yet another night he chose "The Sanctity of Womanhood" as his theme.

The latter lecture is described in his handbill as "a plain talk to men to which women are particularly invited"! Heavy black type intimates also that there will be "a silver collection each evening."

A gentleman of a somewhat different class recently commenced a series of meetings at the Workman's Hall, Walthamstow.

"Free healing" with "voluntary contributions" is the main gist of a circular now before us, which states explicitly that "so-called incurable cases" are preferred.

"Our great percentage of cures proves spiritual healing is effectual where all else fails," runs the message, and cured patients, it seems, have been trained to heal by a "Dr. Lascelles."

Professor J. F. Ray

A representative of JOHN BULL recently attended one of the evening meetings, but was disappointed towitness no practical manifestations of the spiritual healers.

A word of warning

Pastor Stephen Jeffreys, whose activities have been previously noted in this journal, is apparently as busy as ever, and is at present conducting "a great divine healing and evangelistic campaign" at the Corn Exchange, Maidstone.

Like the majority of his kind he has the power of infecting his audiences with intense enthusiasm, and, before it has dieddown, the collecting-plate is well in evidence!

Eye-sight quacks are legion, and amongst the travelling fraternity we may name "Mr. H. C. Moscow, America's greatest eyesight specialist"; "Mr. Graham Browne, London's Leading Sight-testing Expert and optician"; "Mr. Herbert Gordon" and "Jean Edwards," all of which operate on much the same lines.

The dangers of allowing a travelling "specialist," who is here to-day and gone to-morrow, to treat the eyes are too obvious to dwell upon.

But a word of general warning may well be given. Beware of all touring touts, whether they describe themselves as "specialists," "spiritualists," "healing evangelists," "osteopaths," "chiropractors," "professors of healing" or "health consultants."

One and all should be left severely alone and only properly qualified practitioners consulted.

A DESPICABLE CHEAT

CRAFTY CHEQUE TRICKSTER

The Tattooed Humbug

WAR-WOUNDED men are certain of sympathy and help when in need. This is well known by rogues, who take advantage of it. Too much caution can hardly be exercised by the public.

A SOMEWHAT poorly-dressed ex-soldier, who told a harrowing tale of his war-time experiences, walked into a suburban dairyman's shop the other day and asked if he might speak to the proprietor.

He gave the name of Walker and explained that he was the son of a customer who had recently left the district. Would the dairyman be so kind as to cash a cheque for him as he was sorely in need of the ready money and the local branch of the bank on which the cheque was drawn was closed?

Quite frankly he went on to admit that he himself was a stranger in the district. He had been in hospital for some considerable time on account of his war wounds, and he knew of no one who would grant him the favour he craved.

Doubt dispelled

The dairyman was quite touched by the man's earnest tale of hardship and asked if he might be permitted to examine the cheque.

Walker promptly handed it over to him, stating at the same time that it represented a sum due to him on account of certain pension arrears. It had, he declared, been handed to him only that day by the Ministry of Pensions.

The shopkeeper pondered a little. Then he recalled the fact that a very good customer at his shop named Walker recently removed from the district. He recalled also that the customer had a son who had been badly wounded in the war.

Any doubts which he may have entertained as to the genuineness of his caller were speedily dispelled when the latter gently asked him to turn the cheque over and read what was inscribed on the back.

Crime specialist

"Special notice to tradesmen," the shopkeeper read, and in the message which followed it was stated that special care should be taken to identify the person presenting the cheque for payment. This warning was followed by a description of Mr. Walker, even down to the tattoo marks upon his arms.

Casually Mr. Walker proceeded to explain that so many unscrupulous people were about that the Ministry of Pensions had been forced to take the precaution of inscribing its cheques in this manner. With a kindly smile the shopkeeper accepted the cheque and handed his caller £9 12s. from his till.

The poorly-dressed but well-spoken Mr. Walker was miles away by the time the unsuspecting dairyman discovered that he was not his old customer's son at all, and that the cheque had not been issued by the Ministry of Pensions, but was one from a book which had somehow escaped from the custody of its rightful owner.

We can sympathise with this kindly shopkeeper who has been so shamefully duped. The passing of faked cheques in the polished manner described is not "Mr. Walker's" only accomplishment, any more than Walker is his only name.

Misusing the good name of the Ministry of Pensions is a pretty despicable offence, but this interesting gentleman specialises in despicable crimes.

Bilking a boy

Robbing small boys, for instance, is one of his pastimes; and for this he discards his rags and blossoms forth in attire which gives him the appearance of wealth and importance.

At Woolwich the other day he stopped a boy who was riding a nice new bicycle and obtained the boy's sympathy with a story which did not concern pensions, war wounds or tattoo marks.

The trouble, he explained, was all over his motor-car, which had unfortunately broken down in an adjacent thoroughfare.

This particular street was absolutely unattended by traffic and he had discovered after various enquiries that the nearest garage was some distance away.

Would the boy mind lending him his bicycle for a little while so that he could ride to the garage and give the necessary instructions? The poor boy was too young to think about the use of the telephone and listened intently to the soft-tongued stranger.

Finally the gentleman, who now had the lad at his mercy, gave him a cheque for £27 10s. to hold as security until he returned, and the lad parted with his new bicycle without suspicion.

Of course, the polite stranger never returned, and the cheque, which was signed "Ernest Pateman," was quite worthless,as it had also been extracted from the stolen book.

Worthless security

Meanwhile, in the name of William Taylor, this self-same gentleman has succeeded in duping another lad in a different part of London in exactly the same way.

This time he obtained a bicycle in exchange for a worthless cheque signed "James Walker."

These are only three of the numerous exploits of this plausible rogue, who is not unknown to the police, and has already been to prison for fraud.

He has, as our readers will readily suspect, a long string of aliases. He is about forty years of age and is almost 6 ft. in height.

The hypocrisy of the man is made manifest when we say that upon his heavily tattooed body are two symbols which appear to have little meaning for him—an angel and a crucifix.

THE LIMIT IN CHEEK

WE GIVE RAE A FREE ADVERTISEMENT

A Business Bluffer

A WEEK or two ago an insistent gentleman telephoned to ask whether we could despatch a representative to Walthamstow to discuss the question of a "wireless advertisement."

When our representative called at the address given, he was received by a gentleman who again mentioned that he was desirous of inserting a "wireless advertisement" in the columns of JOHN BULL, the current copy of which lay conspicuously upon his desk.

The would-be advertiser was especially anxious that his announcement should appear in an early issue, but, curiously enough, he was not in possession of any descriptive matter referring to the article he desired to advertise.

Finally, he requested that duplicate agreement forms be sent to him, adding that his cheque and final instructions would be ready on the following day, when he hoped our representative would call again.

Colossal impudence

Our representative did not call again, and in omitting to do so, he was not lacking in business zeal. For the Walthamstow gentleman, who, according to his remarks, was about to dabble in wireless, was none other than Mr. Wilson Rae, whose business methods were the subject of criticism in our issue dated June 4!

Could impudence reach a greater pitch? To ask for an interview on the day following the publication of a warning against him, and to talk of advertising in our columns when the issue containing that warning was lying before him on his desk! Assuredly Mr. Wilson Rae must be awarded the palm for cool cheek!

Indeed, we have come to the conclusion that Mr. Rae really does deserve some further publicity, as, apart from his impertinent action, we have since received many further enquiries about him.

It is a difficult matter to say how many people have been misled by Rae, who has been operating as the Charing Cross Business Transfer Agency, Ltd.; but a few instances will serve to show that his methods are certainly deserving of censure.

A Chingford gentleman got into touch with Rae in March last as the result of an advertisement in a daily newspaper.

Put off with promises

According to the terms of the advertisement, an "outside man" was required to conduct property, business and detective enquiries, but Rae explained at the initial interview that he would have to carry out property inspections only.

The client candidly explained that he knew nothing of such duties, but Rae assured him that it did not matter, and persuaded him to deposit £50 then and there.

A further £50 was to be deducted from commission, and an agreement was drawn up to the effect that after three months the deposit was returnable on three weeks' notice.

The new "inspector" drew £3 per week regularly until Easter, when his employer defaulted. On the week ending June 3, he was also forced to go without his salary, and now Rae is merely putting him off with promises.

A similar agreement was entered into by a gentleman of East Ham, who drew out £50 from his wife's post

The Rt. Hon. Sir Hamar Greenwood, Bt., K.C., M.P. for Walthamstow, who might raise the question of Rae's activities in Parliament

office savings bank account in order to secure what he thought was a progressive position.

He, too, was put on property inspecting, though ignorant of the duties; and he is also waiting for the refund of his money.

A gentleman of Tonbridge is in a similar predicament, and there are many other people who have paid over their deposits in return for employment in Rae's rocky venture.

Preposterous propositions

In one case a poor fellow took out a mortgage on his house in order to raise £150, which has now gone into the pockets of Mr. Rae.

When a party of these unfortunate men recently banded together and asked Rae what he was going to do about it, the latter foisted them off with two preposterous propositions.

One was that they should take over his tottering Charing Cross Business Transfer Agency, Ltd., and run it for themselves, and the other was that they should "leave him alone" for a month and give him a chance to pay back their deposits plus one week's salary.

We are afraid that little hope remains for them. Last year, Rae was before the Stratford Police Court on two charges alleging that he had converted to his own use two sums of money, £85 and £29. The former sum had been secured by offering employment in return!

He pleaded not guilty, but during the fourteen days' adjournment, when on bail, he offered to make restitution.

In these circumstances the charges were withdrawn, but the papers were forwarded to the Public Prosecutor for his investigation.

Plea that didn't wash

Since that date Mr. Rae has roped in several further clients, all of whom have parted with money, and all of whom are clamouring for it to be refunded.

Apart from the Public Prosecutor's office, and Scotland Yard, we find that at least three metropolitan police stations have recently received complaints about Rae from misled depositors, while reports of his activities have even reached the London County Council.

Why is no official action taken in this matter? Ignoring the sad stories of penniless "employees," some of the people who have entrusted Mr. Rae with the sale of their businesses complain that they cannot obtain adequate details as to what is happening and are still being kept waiting for settlement in connection with the said transactions.

A Southend gentleman complains that he gave Mr. Rae some businesses to dispose of as long ago as 1924. To this day he is still waiting for details of some of the transactions which he knows Rae has carried out. As far back as 1925 he received an "R. D." cheque from Rae.

That Rae is appallingly slack and unmindful of his obligations is shown by the fact that he was summoned only two weeks ago by the Board of Trade for not complying with the requirements of the Companies Acts in rendering proper returns.

Several letters addressed to Mr. Rae by the Board of Trade were ignored; but he casually answered the charge by saying that it was only his ignorance of the law which caused him to overlook the matter.

It seems a pity that there was no one to remind him on the spot that his notepaper declares him to be an auctioneer, licensed valuer, shipping agent, debt collector, confidential detective and enquiry agent. However, notwithstanding his absurd plea of "ignorance," Rae was fined £10 and costs.

Stop his game!

Under the name of Walter Hutt, Rae came under the notice of Scotland Yard some years back in connection with a series of frauds. In view of the fact that he does not appear to have mended his ways, official action seems more than desirable.

As we have mentioned, the Public Prosecutor, Scotland Yard, various metropolitan police stations and the L.C.C. have all amassed information about the more recent activities of Mr. Wilson Rae. Cannot they take concerted action to put an end to his present activities?

The More Deserving

A Modern Fable

ONCE upon a time there was a Londoner named J. Walsh, who lived all his life in the great city, but who, in his sixty-second year, found himself fallen upon evil times.

Recently he lighted upon a small news item to the effect that the French President had sent £200 to the Lord Mayor for distribution amongst London's poor.

Here old Mr. Walsh thought he decried a golden opportunity. A very small portion of that £200 would purchase a pedlar's licence and a hawker's tray.

Accordingly he wrote forthwith to the Lord Mayor of London, asking whether he could participate in the French President's bounty.

He was told that no assistance could be given.

Never one to repine, Mr. Walsh turned once more to the columns of the newspapers.

Alas! almost the first item his eyes lighted upon was a news paragraph to the effect that the Lord Mayor of London had just given £400 odd to the Burgomaster of Ghent for the alleviation of distress in that city.

So this modern fable must end with the moral: "The less you do for your own folk, the more you can do for your neighbour!"

A "Rank" Swindle

AN amazing example of deplorable cheeseparing is afforded by the experience of Mr. T. Blades, of Rillington, Yorks, who had the misfortune to lose an arm at Paschendaelle.

On his discharge in May, 1918, Mr. Blades was granted a pension of 24s. 9d. per week, which was subsequently increased to 36s. under the Royal Warrant of 1919.

In February, 1925, the wounded man discovered that he was really entitled to pension at an enhanced rate by reason of the fact that he had held the rank of bombardier.

He, therefore, made application for this, whereupon the Ministry granted an increase of 3s. per week as from February, 1924.

Now, Mr. Blades was clearly entitled to this full allowance from the outset, and when we took up his case and pointed this out to the Ministry it was decided to grant him arrears to pension as from the beginning of 1922.

Once again we protested that the arrears should obviously have been back-dated to the time of Mr. Blades' discharge from the Forces, and, now, after a delay of not less than four months, we have been notified that further arrears of rank allowance cannot be granted in this case.

There is not the slightest doubt that full arrears are due, and we call upon the Ministry to fulfil its obligations forthwith.

NINE SHILLINGS FOR A LIFE

PENALISED FOR BRAVERY

A Down-and-Out Hero

A YOUNG man of twenty-three, Mr. George Charles Jeffries, is at present tramping from his home at Small Heath, Birmingham, with a heavy heart.

His objective is Southampton, and there he hopes to secure work of some description on any vessel that will carry him away from a land which has shown him little indulgence.

Mr. Jeffries is no rebellious youth nursing an imaginary grievance. He is temporarily destitute and all his efforts to secure employment have been futile; yet if ever a man was entitled to indulgence from his fellows that man is Mr. Jeffries.

A noble service

Two years ago, when in his poverty he was residing at a Salvation Army hostel, Jeffries volunteered with others to give his blood for transfusion in the case of an emergency. He was selected out of ten other volunteers, and the subsequent operation took place at a Birmingham hospital.

Jeffries thought nothing of this, but after an interval of two months the patient in question being still in a precarious condition, a further transfusion was deemed necessary. Once again Jeffries was called upon and once again he gave up some of his blood in order to save a human life.

This, though he could not foresee it, marked the beginning of a long period of service in this noble cause. Call followed call, and without going into the individual details, we are able to state that, in all, Jeffries has voluntarily donated his blood for transfusion purposes no fewer than ten times in two years!

These operations have been performed in various nursing-homes and hospitals, in Birmingham, London and elsewhere, and the quantity of blood given has, in some instances, been very considerable.

Now, if our readers are about to jump to the conclusion that Jeffries has been conducting a lucrative business in retailing his life's blood in return for handsome emoluments, we had better enlighten them without delay.

Mr. George Charles Jeffries

Beyond a trifling allowance for expenses in each instance, ***he has received nothing whatever in return for the exceptional service he has rendered*** to humanity in general and to ten human beings in particular.

We must confess that the investigation of this case has opened our eyes to a truly remarkable state of affairs. Strange as it may seem, it is not the custom to offer any payment to volunteers who give their blood for transfusion to save a life.

They are simply called upon; they come; they give their blood, and depart, unhonoured and unsung.

We have taken the trouble to verify the actual cash figures in respect of one or two cases in which Mr. Jeffries was the unhonoured donor. In one instance we find he was allowed 25s. for "expenses," while in another the figure was 9s.

Nine shillings for saving a human life! It seems incredible, yet the fact remains that "it is the custom."

The desirability of such a custom is not a matter we propose to go into here; but from the point of view of sheer humanity, it really does seem rather niggardly that a volunteer who is known to be unemployed and in want should go unrewarded for such exceptional service.

Worthy of reward

The person who jumps into a river and rescues a drowning man; the constable who stops a runaway horse in the street; the spectator who dashes into a burning building to save an inmate—these are all volunteers; but more often than not they meet with reward and recognition.

Why, then, should the services of a blood-donor be so slightingly regarded?

In any case, the sympathy of our readers will go out to the youthful hero who is at present tramping to Southampton in such unhappy circumstances.

BEN'S BIG BOUNCE

A FRONT-DOOR CROOK

PEOPLE in North London have lately been visited by a dignified stranger who has invoked their interest in a subscription list in aid of a family who have been compelled to leave the district in distressing circumstances.

In Stamford Hill, where he gave the name of "Benjamin," this stranger told harrowing stories of "losses brought about by ill-chosen investments," which had forced an old resident in the locality to leave in sorrow.

Imposing on good nature

So earnest was the collector that quite a lot of money was subscribed; but nothing went to the destitute person, as the latter is non-existent.

The stranger had selected the name as being a common one in the immediate neighbourhood of his calls, and, of course, the subscribers had no time in which to test the veracity of his statements.

The truth is that "Mr. Benjamin" is quite notorious in connection with bogus charitable collections of this character. His path of progress may be traced through Hendon, Wimbledon, Shepherd's Bush, Norbury and other places, where people have given freely in the belief that they were helping a family in distress.

Enquiries into "Mr. Benjamin's" activities lead to the discovery that his real name is David Becher, and that he is of Russian extraction.

Since Mr. Becher came to this country some years ago he has made a practice of living upon the susceptibilities of good-natured people.

At Manchester some time ago he pretended that he was collecting for an institution which alleviated the distress of unmarried mothers.

In this way he was able to gather in quite a lot of money, but none of it ever reached those for whom it had ostensibly been collected, and complaints reached the local police.

Some time elapsed before enquiries were successful enough to lead to his apprehension, but he was eventually arrested and sentenced, in the name of Barker, to a term of imprisonment for having obtained money by fraud.

Hypocritical pose

At Leeds, Hull and London this shameless rogue has been similarly dealt with and has therefore enjoyed several spells as an inmate of His Majesty's prisons.

Latterly he has been going about using Jewish names, and posing as a religious Samaritan, collecting on behalf of local Jewish families.

Exhibiting what purported to be a genuine subscription-list, he drew attention to the sufferings of a family which, through the vagaries of the Stock Exchange, had lost everything in a single day!

Fertile brain

Tradesmen were unpaid, the rent was overdue, and "Mr. David Backer" would be grateful for the smallest donation towards a deserving cause.

Needless to say, the "local family" was a figment of Mr. Backer's fertile imagination, and whatever money he succeeded in collecting got no farther than his own pocket.

The same may be said of all his exploits, for, in spite of his seemingly disinterested appeals, he believes that charity begins at home! His string of aliases includes those of Becher, Becker, and Barker.

Sometimes, it should be noted, he varies his methods and favours the old photographic-enlargement dodge as a means of coaxing cash from his victims.

He is extremely carefully attired and, as may be imagined, is gifted with a convincing manner.

We hope that after the publication of this article he will find housewives less easy to prey upon than he has found them in the past.

Saved by a "Bullet"

Secure Your Home for Sixpence

SEVEN years in search of a home for his little family, borne down by heavy liabilities, depressed by a burden of anxiety and insecurity—that was the unhappy plight of a young schoolteacher in Wales.

A few days ago he ended it all—with a "Bullet."

A tragedy? Anything but that. The "Bullet" that ended his troubles was the £250 effort in Competition No. 641—"WHAT WE WERE PROMISED—PRACTICALLY WENT *With* SAYING"—and the winner was Mr. G. J. O'Neill, of Gwenllian Terrace, Treforest, Glam.

Sceptics silenced

"To-day," he writes, "thanks to my implicit faith in 'Bullets,' I am able to breathe freely again and to feel that life is indeed worth living."

Mr. O'Neill is well known in Pontypridd, where he teaches in the Hopkinstown Boys' School.

It is not long since a £1,500 "Bullets" prize was won by a competitor in this same village—perhaps it was this huge win that gave Mr. O'Neill the determination which led to his £250 success.

There are always plenty of people to scoff at a trier until he succeeds. "You're chasing a will-o'-the-wisp," the sceptics used to tell Mr. O'Neill. Now they will have to find somebody else to laugh at.

There is a wealth of encouragement for other competitors in Mr. O'Neill's success.

"With the exception of one half-crown," he says, "this is the first cash prize I have won. A capacity for taking pains, patience to examine the winning 'Bullets' week after week and unflinching confidence in oneself—these are the qualities that meet with success."

"You may well imagine the joy which the good news has brought to my wife," concludes the winner. "She is ready to regard my win as a veritable miracle!"

The sudden arrival of a £250 cheque is a common enough "miracle"—it has been happening to "Bullets" competitors week after week for nearly fourteen years.

Holidays made easy

It is a miracle that you can work yourself, for this week's £250 First Prize will be yours if one of your "Bullets" is the best.

Summer holidays are coming, but "Bullets" Holiday Prizes have already arrived.

For those who just miss that £250 cheque, there are no fewer than seventy substantial holiday prizes—twenty of £6 and *Fifty* Holiday Fivers.

Soon you may be packing your bag for a glorious spell by the sea, wondering perhaps how the expense will be met, and having some doubt as to whether you are justified in taking a holiday.

Enter some good "Bullets" this week and take your holiday at JOHN BULL'S expense!

THE British worker is a patriot at heart because of his love of his country. Yet there is another factor that makes him desire to see his country first among the nations. He it is who holds a big stake in the country

The Biggest Lie On Earth

by **S. S. HAMMERSLEY, M.P.**

IT is often said that the working classes have "nothing to lose but their chains." The phrase implies that nothing can be worse than the present state of affairs, so far as the workers are concerned, and we are expected to infer that even if Socialism brings industrial chaos, the resulting ruin will not affect the workers except to give them greater freedom.

Like so many generalities, this "nothing-to-lose-but-the-chains" idea won't hold water.

In the last fifty years tremendous advances have been made in social services and in raising the standard of living of all sections of the community.

National Health Insurance, Unemployment Insurance, Widows and Old Age Pensions are now looked upon as essential rights to which every individual by the mere accident of birth considers himself or herself entitled. Not many years ago they were hardly thought of.

Conditions of employment are being gradually but continuously improved. Hours of labour, in general, are becoming fewer. There is more leisure, more recreation, more amusement, than ever before in the history of the country. The time is not far distant when a universal eight-hours day will become the law of the land.

Moral values

All these rights and privileges have been won under a system of private ownership, a system which if some hotheads had their way, would be destroyed, root and branch. Nor have these notable advantages been gained at the expense of any national moral declension.

It may be argued that in the United States of America the very high standard of living is accompanied by political graft, a corrupt public service and a general lowering of the standard of moral values.

No such accusation can be levied against *our* national policy. Under our democratic constitution the workers of this country have gained not only material advancement, they still retain the high appreciation of moral values which spells contentment.

A proper mental and moral atmosphere is just as essential to a happy life as are adequate wages.

The British character is a heritage compounded of many factors. Free though it is, it is not less precious because its possession demands no monetary payment. Let every British citizen reflect on the circumstance of his or her individual life. There is much to lose, so much for which every Britisher has cause to be thankful.

Priceless possessions

I say without fear of criticism that the majority of working-class men and women have a great deal to lose to-day. Though individually the monetary stake may be small, money values are not the only consideration. Many a working-class home in the country has priceless possessions that no money can buy, valuables that are absent from many a mansion.

Take, for example, peace of mind, a possession of literally priceless worth. Are we to assume that because this possession is found in many a working-class home in Great Britain, it is not appreciated at its true value? Surely the answer is "No—a thousand times no."

The tranquillity, the peace of mind, the quiet happiness which comes, not so much from great possessions as from small requirements, are not, less valued by the workers than by the wealthy.

These are possessions that become even more prized as the years go by, when the sap and vigour of life begin to fail.

Many a man, when wealth and responsibility fill all his waking hours with anxiety, looks back with thankfulness to the days of his youth when peace of mind enveloped his life in its kindly mantle. That peace is one of the many things the working class have to lose.

Valuable nest-eggs

But the workers are also concerned with more material possessions. It is the greatest possible mistake to think because a man's assets are small he will regard with equanimity the loss of his all. Deprivation of the means to rent a four-roomed house is just as great a hardship to the poor man as the seizure of a mansion in a park would be to a man of wealth.

Nor can it be suggested with truth that working-class homes have no nest-eggs tucked away against a rainy day. In 1923 there were 11,856,765 depositors in the Post Office Savings Banks, and the number of these depositors, as well as the investors in war savings certificates, show a considerable increase in each succeeding year.

Nobody is entitled to assume that these investments, individually small, but amounting to a very substantial figure, can be filched from their owners by some form of levy or confiscation with impunity.

Because a man's possessions are small, he will not defend them less vigorously than if great wealth was at stake.

Let us examine a few statistics on the investments of the working classes. According to the latest figures given by Mr. Runciman the other day, there are now over 15,000,000 small capitalists in this country.

In ten years deposits in the Post Office Savings Bank have grown from £166,000,000 to £283,000,000, and practically the whole of these savings are deposited by working-class folk. War savings certificates amount to £370,000,000, and of this amount it is estimated that £242,000,000 are the savings of small investors.

Solid investment

House property is a form of investment which is appreciated by many working-class people. Bricks and mortar are stable things—the land on which they stand cannot run away. Building societies have been developed extensively of recent years, and no section of the population has been quicker to take advantage of their benefits than the working classes.

To put it into figures, the stake of the class that is described as having nothing to lose but their chains is £140,000,000 in building societies alone.

In Lancashire the cotton operatives are investors who have something substantial to lose. Practically every cotton spinning mill has a number of shareholders and loanholders who are operatives in the industry and whose contributions amount to a considerable proportion of the subscribed capital.

They take the keenest interest in the economic condition of the trade in which they are engaged, and in respect to the mills in which they hold shares they are the keenest critics of the capabilities of the management.

Nobody can deny that unemployment and under-employment are serious features of life in this country to-day, and I deplore the conditions which

Mr. S. S. Hammersley, M.P.

render it impossible at the moment to find sufficient work for the whole population.

Phenomenal progress

Provided the country is free from industrial unrest, there will be a steadily progressive increase in the amount of work available and a consequent decrease in the number of unemployed.

After all, we are recovering from the effect of war on a gigantic scale and we have achieved what history will regard as phenomenal progress in winning back, under great handicaps, so much of our pre-war prosperity in so short a time. The pound sterling was worth $3.54, now the rate of exchange is normal, the pound sterling being worth $4.86.

A gain of 10 cents on the dollar exchange saves us on our purchases from the United States (consisting particularly of foodstuffs, cotton and wheat) not less than five millions a year. On the war debt alone a gain of 10 cents makes a saving of three-quarters of a million per annum.

By the return to the gold standard of currency the appreciation in the value of our foreign investments, most of which are paid in sterling, has been enormous, a gain which must amount to scores of millions of pounds.

Binding ties

The people who are quickest to appreciate the importance of stability are those who have contributed to this reassuring state of affairs; those who have never lost their sense of thrift; those who have saved as they were able to do so; those who have built up the wealth of the nation by their practical efforts to provide personal reserves—those, in short, who have earned the blessing of contentment.

These are the people who are supposed to have nothing to lose but their chains!

Of those who have made their own stake in the nation's life—be the size what it may—few would be willing to lose the ties that bind them to their country.

The chains that the majority of the working classes of Great Britain have forged are honourable chains of size and substance paid for by hard-bought experience and personal sacrifice.

These chains—the working man's stake in his native country—bear links on which are marked thrift, decency, honest living, self-respect, energy, responsibility, citizenship. They are worn, not vain-gloriously but with dignity, by those who are the very backbone of the nation.

Free Gift of a £1,000 Seaside Home

at KINMEL BAY

Adjoining Rhyl, on the North Welsh Coast.

For the second season in succession we are giving away free of all cost a magnificent Seaside Home (fully furnished) value £1,000, as illustrated.

In order to participate in our Free Gift House scheme all you have to do is to take up a wonderful Seaside land investment, involving an initial payment of £1 only. The prize house will be built on the successful participant's own land free of all cost.

.....SEND COUPON: FULL PARTICULARS POST FREE.....

To the Secretary,
Kinmel Bay Land Co., Ltd., Kinmel Bay, *via* Abergele, N. Wales.
Please send me full particulars of Kinmel Bay and how I can obtain a £1,000 Seaside Home free of all cost.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

JOHN BULL, 25.6.27. *Halfpenny stamp, if unsealed.*

ASTONISHING VALUE in Cycle Covers!

THE

KEMPSHALL

Made in England to meet and beat foreign competition

Kempshall Cycle Tyres are marketed by the Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd.—your assurance of value-for-money.

A genuine value-for-money product that will appeal to every cyclist who does not wish to incur high initial cost. Low in price—but of honest British quality. The tread design is efficient and attractive.

THE KEMPSHALL TYRE COMPANY LIMITED

C.FH. 512

We advise Men—

"Don't Buy, Yet—

Accept, first, a 10-day tube of this unique shaving cream to try"

Gentlemen:—We've been in business enough years to know that the success of a product rests entirely upon the merits of the product itself—not upon advertising, not upon "selling talk."

So from the beginning we asked nobody to buy Palmolive Shaving Cream; but first to accept, free, a 10-day tube to try.

That has brought this comparatively new preparation to a top place in its field in a remarkably short time.

We made it on the expressed desires of 1,000 men who told us what they wanted in a shaving cream. They named four things—we met them all, then added a fifth to make the supreme creation.

We think it will surpass your present favourite in these five ways. Please send the coupon, and prove the point at our expense.

These 5 advantages

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Just send coupon

Your present method may suit you well. But still there may be a better one. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.

Full-Sized Tube

1/6

From all chemists and hairdressers.

10 SHAVES FREE

Simply insert name and address and post to the Palmolive Company (of England), Ltd., Dept. S.C., 21/23, Eagle St., London, W.C.1.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Please print name clearly. J.B. 25-6-27.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P., Home Secretary.

DEAR SIR,—May your appeal for funds for camps for boys and girls confined in Borstal Institutions bring in substantial results. When even those of us to whom each day's work brings new interest feel the need of an occasional break and change how much more these poor, unfortunate youngsters? That a week in a seaside camp should come as a reward for special endeavour is an excellent plan. The mind's the measure of the man, and when this is dulled, even by discipline that cannot be called actual punishment, we have no right to expect the best conduct. JOHN BULL.

To Rt. Hon. Sir W. MITCHELL-THOMSON, M.P., Postmaster-General.

DEAR SIR,—The proposal to reduce the male staff in the telegraphic department by replacing men by women must be quashed. You are doing this, not from any sex differentiation or antagonism to women in business, but merely because women are cheaper. The fact that men receive a basic salary of £240 a year and women from £140 to £175 gives the game away. The Government must set a better example and pay equal work at equal rates. After that, the best for the job, regardless of sex. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. D. LLOYD GEORGE, M.P., O.M., Cheyne Walk, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—You feel it would be a real service to agriculture if important agricultural constituencies returned Liberal candidates to give the Government a fillip on the subject. We have had Liberal, Labour and Conservative Governments in quick succession and all have left the question of the land untouched. What every constituency should do is to return a candidate, no matter of what political colour, who is determined to free the land. With a Parliament united on this grave issue it could be done. Then a host of our social problems, at one blow, would be solved. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Colonel ASHLEY, M.P., Minister of Transport.

DEAR SIR,—You acknowledge that during your visit to Germany you were deeply impressed by the electric development in that country, and you state that we have not yet reached their town-planning excellence. I mention your views in order to emphasise the truth that no one nation is justified in belittling another, and that each can learn something from its neighbour. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY, Grove Lodge, Hampstead.

DEAR SIR,—"While millions of poor children lack playing accommodation God's not in His heaven," you write. To secure equality of opportunity is a national duty, and you urge all parents whose children get a healthy fill of games to support the appeal of the Playing Fields Association. The £50 you sent to the fund was welcome, no doubt, but I venture to think that such words from so eminent a source will prove even more so. JOHN BULL.

To Sir PHILIP GIBBS, K.B.E., Shackleford, Surrey.

DEAR SIR PHILIP,—A little humour and a deal of pity; love of beauty and a sense of comradeship; a touch of courage and a shrine of faith—this is your prescription for a happy and useful life. It would be difficult to better it. Rightly do you contend that most people will come more than half-way to meet us, which would be as true of nations as of individuals if only we could smother that minority of mischief-makers. JOHN BULL.

To Sir GEORGE LUNN, D.L., Gosforth, Northumberland.

DEAR SIR,—I am entirely in accord with your condemnation of history taught as glorification of a series of bloody battles. Your proposals to inculcate, instead of aggressive ideals, the aims and objects of the League of Nations have been carried by educational authorities amid scenes of such enthusiasm that at last we may feel a little real hope for the future. JOHN BULL.

ONE-WAY TRAFFIC

To Lady ASTOR, M.P., St. James's Square, S.W.

MADAME,—I read that you have pledged yourself to raise £10,000 for the Rachel Macmillan Nursery School, Church Street, Deptford, thereby proving that you possess the true spirit of statesmanship as well as a great heart. The welfare of its little ones is of vital importance to the country, and all who labour to this end are national benefactors. In the name of humanity, I thank you. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. JEROME K. JEROME, Belsize Park, Hampstead.

DEAR MADAM,—Though, on the day of your bereavement, "nothing in Nature's aspect intimated that a great man was dead," I realise that, as an individual, your husband deserved this epithet, whatever niche posterity may allot him as a writer. He was ever a fearless and eloquent advocate of the under-dog, and his kindly humour has cheered many a sick bed. The world is the poorer for his passing. JOHN BULL.

To Sir HORACE P. HAMILTON, K.C.B., Chairman, Board of Customs and Excise.

DEAR SIR,—That three shillings a night is the maximum allowance made to Customs and Excise officials obliged to leave home to do relief duty reflects very little credit upon a great nation. These officers often have to tramp the streets of fresh towns for hours before they can find accommodation at all tolerable within the sum. The scale of allowances must be revised forthwith. JOHN BULL.

To Miss FLORENCE EASTON, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

DEAR MADAM,—Notwithstanding that you won fame at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, you are old Yorkshire bred and born. While over on a holiday you dropped in at Covent Garden, and were immediately engaged to perform in "Turandot." I venture to believe that my advocacy is having effect, and that we shall see more English singers at England's Opera House in future. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. A. J. COOK, Secretary, Miners' Federation.

SIR,—I am disgusted at your methods of political propaganda. To lecture hapless children on political assassinations is abominable, and to befoul your own country is worse. You may be "fond of Russia," but there is no reason to forget that this country affords even you protection, food, shelter and clothing. For heaven's sake go to Russia and stop there, and give us a little peace. JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. LLOYD GEORGE:—"The third year is the testing time of all Parliaments."

The test of all Parliaments, past or present, is ability or failure to keep election promises.

* * *

MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON, M.P.:—"The Government policy has been governed by vacillation, timidity and ineffectiveness."

And the Opposition resistance by noise, futility and ineffectiveness.

* * *

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE:—"The United States of America wishes to discard force and compulsion in international agreements."

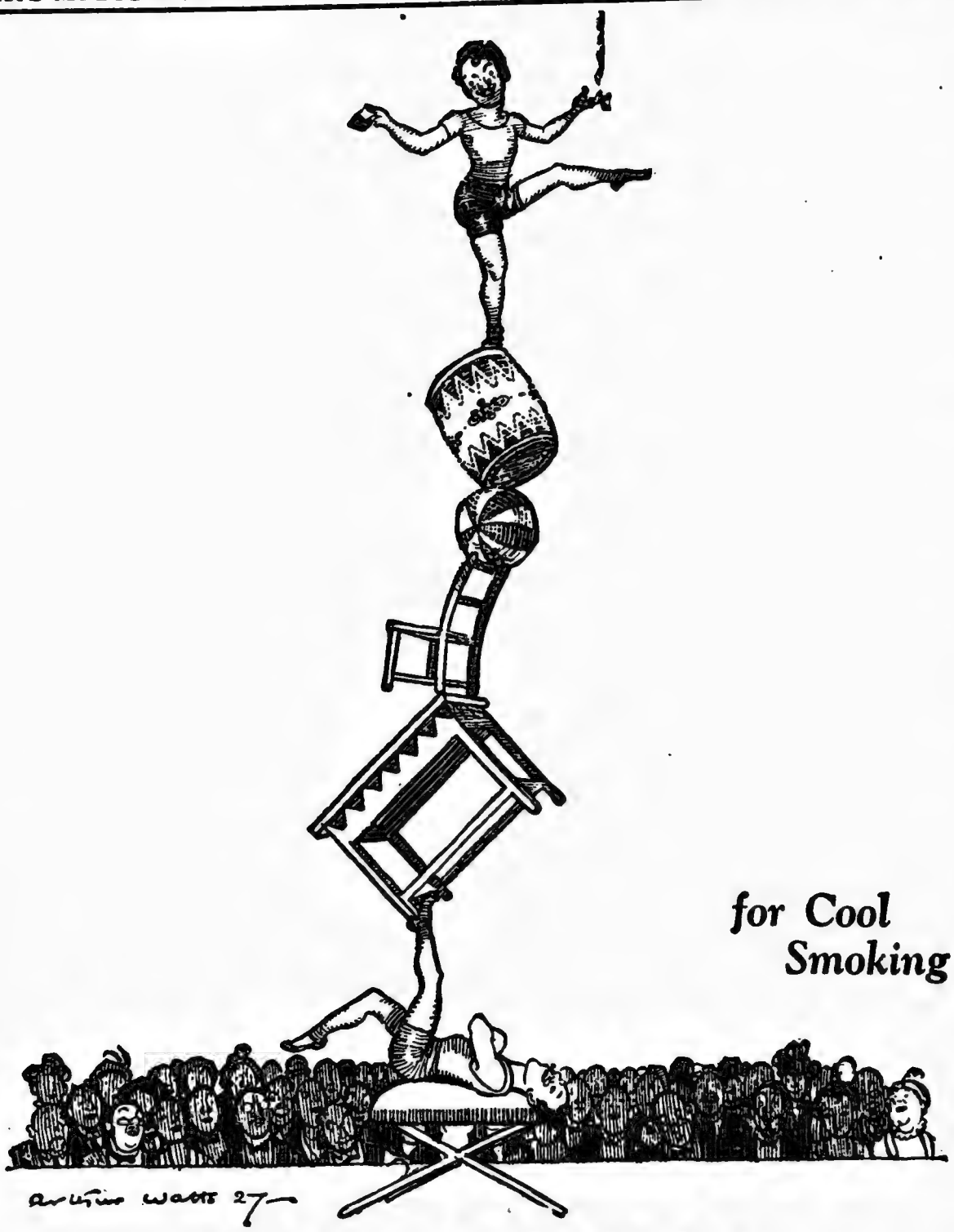
So does Great Britain. So now for friendly discussion to settle details.

* * *

BISHOP OF HEREFORD.—"The man who knows Shakespeare will handle men better than a man who knows only mathematics."

And the man who knows and practises Christianity will do better than either.

PLAYER'S *MEDIUM* NAVY CUT CIGARETTES WITH OR WITHOUT CORK TIPS.



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Navy Cut

CIGARETTES

10 *for* 6d. 20 *for* 11½d.

50 for 2/5 100 for 4/8

It's the Tobacco that Counts

NCC 150

Without Fear or Favour—by the Editor

A PLAGUE ON THEM ALL

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES GO WEST

Rebels Against Reason

BOTH the Government and the Labour Party have missed this last week a golden opportunity, and it would be idle to deny that the aloofness of the Government and the illogical ill-temper of the Labour Party have produced between them a situation that may yet have the most serious results on our slowly recovering industrial prosperity.

During the concluding stages of the Trade Unions Bill, Sir Leslie Scott endeavoured to have incorporated in the Bill a clause providing for compulsory delay and enquiry before there should be any question of the legality of declaring a strike or a lock-out in any essential national industry.

It is nothing short of a tragedy that the Government instantly rejected any such amendment; for this was no blind experiment, it was simply a desire to establish in this country a system that has already proved enormously successful in Canada.

Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, Minister of Labour, while submitting that "we are all sick of industrial disputes," pretended to believe that the difficulties presented by this clause were insuperable. Heaven and Sir Arthur alone know why!

Trying to make the best of a bad job, he offered to set up a Committee to investigate conciliation matters.

HERE was the second golden opportunity presented to the House of Commons, for if the Labour Party had only adopted what would have been both a statesmanlike and common-sense attitude, there is no telling what good might have come out of such a committee.

But the Labour Party is both illogical and ill-tempered. It indulged in what was simply a piece of political blackmail. It announced that it would have nothing to do with such an investigation unless the Trade Unions Bill was withdrawn..

There is no sense in such an attitude. It is merely the peevishness of political children who squeal before they are hurt and who, if they cannot have bread and butter with jam on it, refuse even to have the bread and butter.

One of the few men who said anything worth saying on this situation was Sir Alfred Mond. "Unless we devise some means for securing a greater measure of peace," he said, "I say, deliberately, that this country will not be able to maintain its position in the struggle for the world's trade. Now is the opportunity! It is of infinitely more importance to the future of this country even than participation in the League of Nations."

The tragedy of the whole situation is that there was not a man in the House of Commons who did not know in his heart that these words were the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

DESPITE the severe lessons of last year there is sadly too little willingness on the part of either employers or employed to come together in an attempt to achieve by whole-hearted co-operation what they have demonstrably failed to achieve by nonsensical fighting and pig-headed hostility.

Industrial conflicts are as out of date as the dodo. The Canadian method of insisting on full investigation before disputes instead of after has at any rate been successful enough to prevent the vast majority of industrial disputes flaming out into open warfare.

Between 1923 and 1925 Canada had 600 industrial disputes, of which only thirty-eight developed into strikes or lock-outs.

That the House of Commons declined to take an obvious opportunity of introducing such a sound system into British industrialism is a tragedy that will recoil on the heads of both Parties concerned when next they seek the vote of the people.

Sir Alfred Mond, M.P., who made an emphatic plea for industrial peace in a recent debate

A SILLY CRY

Politics Gone Mad

A TREMENDOUS shout has been raised in Labour quarters against a perfectly sane proposal that local councillors and guardians who have been guilty of excessive and illegal expenditure should be disqualified for acting on a local body for five years thereafter.

The Labour Party says that this proposal is nothing but a Party measure directed solely against opponents of conservative policy.

That is all it ever does say to any proposal with which it disagrees. It never gives anyone credit for any motive other than Party bias.

The awkward fact remains, however, that such councillors and boards of guardians who have in the past two or three years been guilty not only of excessive expenditure but downright illegal misuse of the taxpayers' money are Socialists and not Liberal or Tory.

It is no use, either, for angry Labour members to describe a measure like this as a deliberate attack on "democratic Government."

Another very awkward fact is that whenever "democracy" is represented in the persons of Socialists it becomes synonymous with spendthrift extravagance and an utter disregard of the very meaning of the democratic principle.

If a cashier in a bank were found guilty of embezzlement of funds belonging to the clients of the bank he would be promptly and rightly removed from the sphere of temptation.

Where is the injustice in removing in a like manner those councillors and guardians who misuse the money belonging to those whose interests they are supposedly elected to serve?

The whole trouble when questions such as these arise is that local government has become far too mixed up with politics.

It has nothing to do with politics. It is a matter of business. It is a good thing that Mr. Neville Chamberlain is proceeding to deal with it in a businesslike manner.

SOCIETY'S LOST SHEEP

THE HUMAN SIDE

THE reports of prison officials are always worth study. That of the Prison Commissioners for Scotland for 1926, just issued, is especially so.

For some time the human note has been making itself felt in the official mind. Intruding at first from without it is now arising from within, and that is the most hopeful sign for penal reform.

Why, for instance, do children take to wrong-doing? Part of the answer is found in the pathetic fact that out of 161 children sentenced to Borstal detention in Glasgow, one-third had lost one or both of their parents. Can Society expect fine behaviour when home life is denied?

It would seem not. A decent home, good example, and parents who take a lofty view of their responsibilities are old-fashioned virtues, but they are more important than much wealth in the upbringing of a child.

DRINK is a fruitful contributory cause of crime in women. Twenty-seven out of thirty women prisoners induced to give their life stories were brought up to attend Sunday-school or church, or both. But they "took to drink."

When self-respect is lost, difficulties increase and the downward slide increases apace. Too often a man begins the trouble. Illegitimate children are born to a man who will not marry the mother.

Wives are deserted by their husbands. In one case this happened to a woman who had lived happily with her husband for thirty years and bore him ten children!

Whose fault is it if such women occasionally lose heart? Excessive drinking, more than any other one cause, also brings about the downfall of men.

A MAN in the thraldom of drunkenness is not a human being in his right senses. His intellect is clouded and his passions unleashed, a fact explaining nine-tenths of the murders ever committed.

In 1926 the number of persons committed to prison in Scotland was 17,690, a large increase, partly due to labour troubles, over the 15,802 sentenced in 1925.

While Scotland is to be congratulated that she had no death sentences during the year, it is disquieting to know that crimes against property, with violence, are on the increase.

Prolonged unemployment is making itself felt. So is the growing disinclination of the younger prisoners to work because they are so "habituated to dependence on the dole" or other public maintenance. Prison reports are an indictment of our social system. They are a call to the public conscience to spur it into action.

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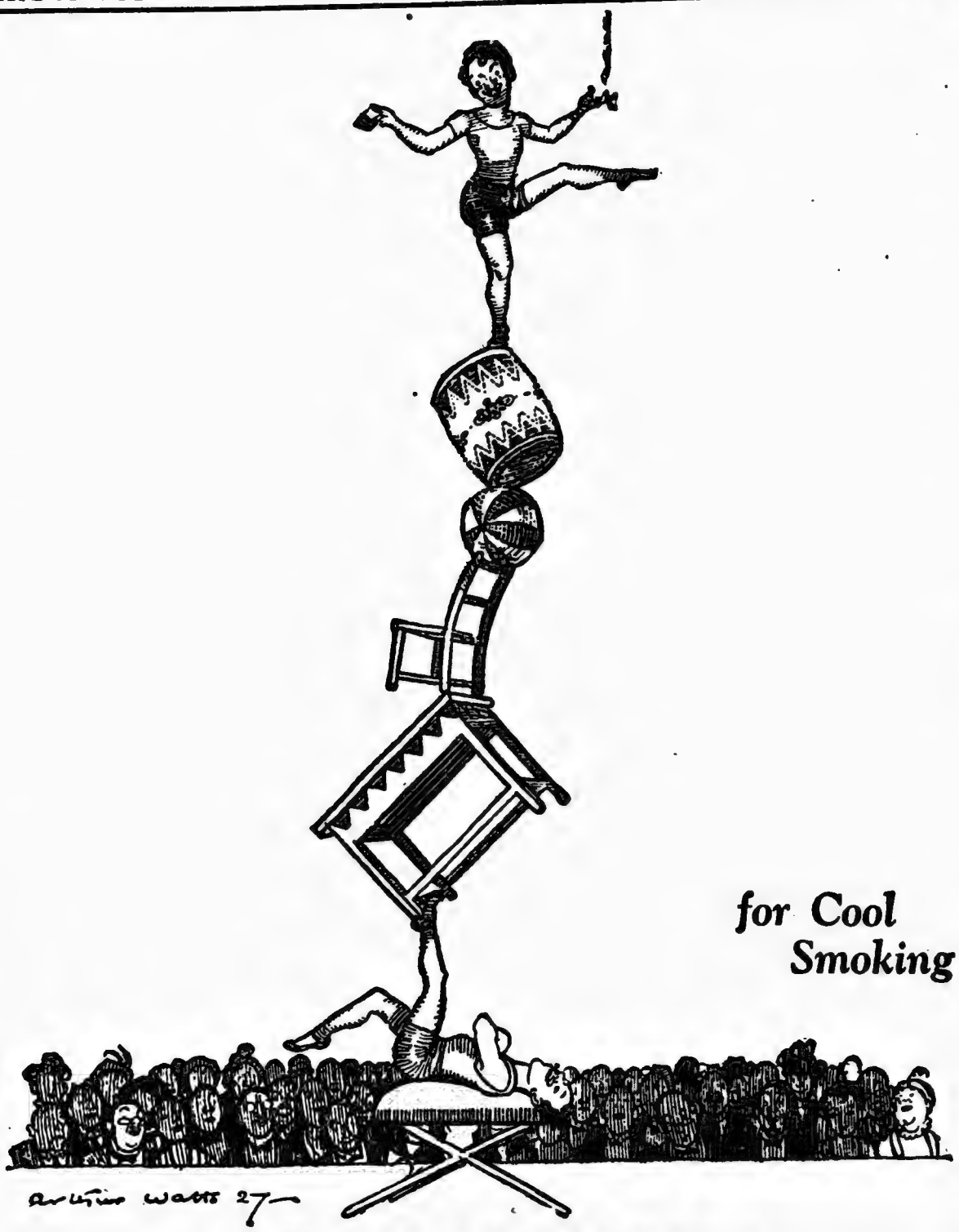

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Where is the injustice in removing in a like manner those councillors and guardians who misuse the money belonging to those whose interests they are supposedly elected to serve?

The whole trouble when questions such as these arise is that local government has become far too mixed up with politics.

It has nothing to do with politics. It is a matter of business. It is a good thing that Mr. Neville Chamberlain is proceeding to deal with it in a businesslike manner.

SOCIETY'S LOST SHEEP

THE HUMAN SIDE

THE reports of prison officials are always worth study. That of the Prison Commissioners for Scotland for 1926, just issued, is especially so.

For some time the human note has been making itself felt in the official mind. Intruding at first from without it is now arising from within, and that is the most hopeful sign for penal reform.

Why, for instance, do children take to wrong-doing? Part of the answer is found in the pathetic fact that out of 161 children sentenced to Borstal detention in Glasgow, one-third had lost one or both of their parents. Can Society expect fine behaviour when home life is denied?

It would seem not. A decent home, good example, and parents who take a lofty view of their responsibilities are old-fashioned virtues, but they are more important than much wealth in the upbringing of a child.

DRINK is a fruitful contributory cause of crime in women. Twenty-seven out of thirty women prisoners induced to give their life stories were brought up to attend Sunday-school or church, or both. But they "took to drink."

When self-respect is lost, difficulties increase and the downward slide increases apace. Too often a man begins the trouble. Illegitimate children are born to a man who will not marry the mother.

Wives are deserted by their husbands. In one case this happened to a woman who had lived happily with her husband for thirty years and bore him ten children!

Whose fault is it if such women occasionally lose heart? Excessive drinking, more than any other one cause, also brings about the downfall of men.

A MAN in the thraldom of drunkenness is not a human being in his right senses. His intellect is clouded and his passions unleashed, a fact explaining nine-tenths of the murders ever committed.

In 1926 the number of persons committed to prison in Scotland was 17,690, a large increase, partly due to labour troubles, over the 15,802 sentenced in 1925.

While Scotland is to be congratulated that she had no death sentences during the year, it is disquieting to know that crimes against property, with violence, are on the increase.

Prolonged unemployment is making itself felt. So is the growing disinclination of the younger prisoners to work because they are so "habituated to dependence on the dole" or other public maintenance. Prison reports are an indictment of our social system. They are a call to the public conscience to spur it into action.

A Colossal Ramp

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

THE land of this country is in the hands of only a very few of its citizens. The value of a country's land is non-existent until the community has created it. Why should not the community collect the value of the land to meet its needs?

Mr. Andrew MacLaren, M.P., a whole-hearted advocate of restoring the land to the people

WHAT shall be done with a social product? What is the correct thing to do with wealth that is created not by the individual effort of any one man, but by the hard work of the whole community?

Surely the only rational thing to do with such wealth is to apply it to the satisfaction of a social need.

That, in a couple of sentences, is the land problem of this country and its solution.

Land is of no value until human labour has tilled it and worked it and made it valuable. When that has happened the community has created wealth that should be applied to the needs of the community.

"The land question means hunger, thirst, nakedness, notice to quit, labour spent in vain, the toil of years seized upon, the breaking up of homes, the misery, sicknesses and deaths of parents, children, wives, the despair and wildness which springs up in the hearts of the poor when legal force like a sharp arrow goes over the most sensitive and vital rights of mankind. All this is contained in the land question."

Terrible indictment

These scalding words are a quotation which has become almost classical. Their author was not a politician, neither was he a revolutionary, nor a reactionary. He was the late Cardinal Manning, an enlightened dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church, and a far-seeing friend of the poor.

He died nearly forty years ago, yet to-day his words stand without the alteration of a dot or a comma as a truthful indictment of the land system of 1927.

There is only one name for that system—highway robbery, sheer naked brigandage, and nothing else.

The land holder, more often than not the land withholder, levies a merciless toll upon the activities of the community. He thrives unconscionably at the expense of honest men.

I am sometimes accused of being unreasonably bitter against the Land Lords. I am not bitter at all. I merely do not like them any more than I like any other parasite.

Blatant brigandage

There is no more striking instance of what I have called sheer naked brigandage than in the story of the tubes—that is, the London Underground Railways.

Look at this, taken from the advertisement of a land company in a daily newspaper:—

"Immense profits have been made from the remarkable rise in freehold values at Golders Green. The land is to-day worth ten times the price paid a few years ago. The great increase is due to the wonderful natural advantages of Golders Green as a residential district, and to its close proximity to the heart of London. High, healthy, and sunny, on the "Underground" it is only fifteen minutes from Charing Cross, and there are over 300 trains daily."

Here it is, naked and unashamed out of their own mouths. No deception, ladies and gentlemen, nothing up their sleeves! The land of Golders Green has risen to ten times its value in a few years simply because the Underground Railway was run through it.

Golders Green might have been as high as the Himalayas and as sunny as Seville, but if it had not been for the Underground and its 300 trains daily there would have been no inflation of land values to gladden the hearts and make rich the pockets of the happy land owners.

What did the Land Lords do at Golders Green to convert their idle sites into positive gold mines? Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

The shareholders of the Underground Railway invested their money, the workmen built and the labourers dug, a thousand and one social services were called into co-operation to provide transport for the thousands who lived north of London, and all the Land Lords did was smile and hold out their hands for the gold that poured into them in a steady and increasing stream.

A plain question

The "immense profits" of which the advertisement speaks have been taken out of the pockets of the public in the shape of the increased cost of houses, fabulous selling prices of land, and prohibitive rents.

In August, 1924, the Hampstead Tube was extended to Hendon and Edgware at a cost of £2,500,000. A month before the opening the following paragraph appeared in the *Times*:

"Edgware building land almost adjoining one of the proposed stations of the tube railway extensions from Golders Green will be offered in lots of from 12 to 83 acres freehold, without restrictions. The sale seems to afford an opportunity to investors to participate *in the great rise in site values which is certain to happen through railway developments at Edgware.*"

The italics are mine.

Could anything be more blatant and unashamed? Who created this "great rise in site values"? Not the Land Lords. They merely sat tight and scooped the pool after the rise had taken place.

The increased value of these sites was the fruit of a gigantic commercial enterprise answering a public need.

The problem solved

What equity is there in the individual who has done nothing—nothing whatever, mark you—to create or even to help to create this increased wealth taking it all? Since it has been created by the public, why should the public not have it?

For not only does the Land Lord not create it, but while he is waiting, hungrily expectant, for the land hunger of the nation to pour the gold into his lap, he contributes next to nothing to the rates.

In suburban London and on the outskirts of most of the great cities there is still a large quantity of uncovered and unused land, most of which is assessed at its "agricultural" value, which means that it only pays rates on one-fourth of this amount.

I do not think that the problem of the land could be more clearly stated or more vividly illustrated.

That is the problem. What is the solution?

I do not wish to confiscate the land. I do not wish to deprive any man of land which he may own. I merely claim that whoever "owns" land should pay rent for it to the nation.

If, through the efforts of the community, that land increases in value, so should the rent increase that the community may get back for its needs the wealth it has created by its labour.

The housing shortage, unemployment, low wages and poverty are the rotting branches that hang upon this tree, whose roots poison the life of the nation. Let us cut it down.

Guinea-pigs & G

Industry is in a bad way. And all because that spirit is lacking which would prove a big boon alike to employers and workers

I AM afraid that those of us who believe that co-operation between employers and employed is the best way out of our industrial tangle have rubbed it in a little too heavily about workers who don't pull their right weight and touched too lightly on the employers — and there are many—who erase the "co" from co-operation; who are content to be passengers instead of members of the crew.

Sir George Hunter

The employed are asked by people like myself to work wholeheartedly with the employers for the good of "all." Co-operation is better — immeasurably for all—than class war, and yet we are continually given evidence that the people who have most to lose by class war are the very people who provide the munitions for it.

Here's an illustration of it. The cotton trade is our most important export industry. As we couldn't live without exports, it follows that our cotton trade is responsible to an appreciable extent for our continued existence.

In this trade many matters relating to the conditions of work are (supposed to be) governed by signed agreements between the respective organisations of employers and employed; yet many employers breed discontent by failing to act up to the spirit of the agreements. Here's a case in point, an actual case:

A firm of manufacturers has an agreement with a section of its workers to the effect that when the material used in their work is of bad quality and involves the operatives in extra work or reduced output the firm shall pay compensation.

WHEN the firm gets a claim from the workers it does not repudiate the agreement, but (and in this it is typical of many) it offers compensation at a quite inadequate rate and throws out hints as to the possibility of the mill closing down.

The result is that while the workers in this and other mills have an agreement with their employers, they are afraid of insisting upon it.

That the employers have quite a good case I

An Ominous Legend

by A. G. GARDINER

IS Mr. Baldwin content to go down to history as a maker of vious phrases that were always dishonoured, or will he play the man and the statesman and risk all for his own policy of "Peace in our time"?

THE season is at high noon, the frocks at Ascot, I understand, were more resplendent than ever, and, seen from the West End point of view, "everything," as the saying goes, "in the garden is lovely."

But seen from a higher altitude, there are clouds on the horizon, and if I may be privileged to buttonhole Mr. Baldwin, I shall direct his attention to one particularly ominous cloud bearing the legend "Coal."

That cloud has passed over, but it has not passed away. It has not passed away because its causes remain and all the omens point to a recurrence of trouble.

Many mines are being closed or threatened with closure, discontents are widespread, and even so moderate a man as Mr. Victor Hartshorn is found talking of another strike as a certainty of the near future.

What use another strike would serve I don't pretend to guess. The last strike ruined trade, but it ruined the miners both individually and collectively still more, and it achieved less than nothing.

Strike's aftermath

And it is reasonable to point out that the present distressed condition of the coal trade is largely due to the strike. There are other causes, of course—the increasing competition of oil and water power and tariff restrictions, for example. Those causes will remain and increase.

Take the astonishing action of France, for example, in practically prohibiting the importation of English coal. This is the heaviest blow yet struck at the South Wales trade, for in past years the French railways were largely run by Welsh coal.

But the strike was the most serious disaster the trade has suffered. You cannot close down a vast industry for the best part of a year without consequences. Our customers, South American, Scandinavian, Italian and so on, were compelled to go elsewhere. They went. They made new connections. They found that they could get served equally well from those sources.

The tradition of the superiority of Welsh coal was challenged and broken. Many of the markets then thrown away will never be recovered, others can only be recovered by years of effort.

Recalcitrant element

I do not suppose that these considerations will prevent another strike, for when people are in the mood to strike they are apt to disregard consequences. Moreover, there is still the political motive at work.

I was pleased to read a few days ago a sensible speech of Mr. Herbert Smith at some life-saving experiments in Yorkshire, in which he said that miners and mineowners must "come together," not only for life-saving experiments, but to save the industry.

That, I am sure, represents the bulk of opinion among the men; but Mr. Cook, who wants a revolution on the Russian model, still holds his position and still controls a powerful combustible element which aims, not at reconstruction of the industry, but at its overthrow.

If this element can bring another rupture it will, for it preaches catastrophe regardless of anything but the political object in view.

And, unfortunately, Mr. Baldwin has played and is playing into its hands. He is doing so none the less effectually because he himself is both a just man and a good man. He has preached peace and wants peace, but good intentions and amiability are not enough.

There is a Cook element in Toryism as there is in Labour—an element that does not want reconciliation but a victory over Labour—and it is this malignant influence which is running the Government. The more it succeeds the more it drives moderate Labour into the arms of its Cooks.

That is what is happening over the Trade Disputes Bill. However strong the case for the Bill is, its unwisdom is flagrant.

The Rt. Hon. Col. G. R. Lane Fox, M.P., Minister for Mines

It has consolidated Labour on the Cook platform, just when, with the experience of last year, it was moving to a more reasonable position and beginning to see that political revolution was a fatal policy to mix up with trade unionism.

Lamentable failure

But still more lamentable has been Mr. Baldwin's failure to implement his policy of "Peace in our time" in relation to the coal trade. When he gave the fatal subsidy he gave it to secure an interval in which a policy of reconstruction in the coal trade could be formulated. That policy was formulated by the Samuel Commission.

It is true that it was not accepted by either of the belligerents, but if Mr. Baldwin had imposed it on both with an impartial hand the disaster of last year could not have happened.

Still worse, he has failed to do so since the collapse of the strike. The Samuel report and recommendations are still in the Government pigeon-holes. Not one step has been taken to put into operation a scheme which Mr. Baldwin paid twenty millions of public money to get, which he authorised and which he personally endorsed.

Instead of this policy of peace and reconstruction in the coal trade, we have the Trade Disputes Bill which, rightly or wrongly, is construed by Labour as a declaration of war.

I am not one of those who believe that the coal trade can be regenerated by Government action alone. But I do believe that the moderate and statesmanlike remedies of the Samuel Commission were, and are, invaluable as a means of reorganising the industry for the advantage both of the workers and of the community.

Need for instant action

Nor is this all. They were, and are, invaluable for a higher purpose. If on the morrow of the strike Mr. Baldwin, instead of bringing in the Trade Disputes Bill—or even as well as bringing in the Trade Disputes Bill—had declared his intention of making the Samuel scheme law, he would have altered the whole atmosphere of the coal industry and spiked the guns of the Cooks on both sides.

He would have cleared the air of Labour of the suspicion that he, his Government, and Parliament itself, are merely tools of the employers, would have convinced the country that he was out for reconciliation and reconstruction regardless of vested interests, and would have prevented his slogan of "Peace in our time" from being regarded either as a jest or as a piece of calculated hypocrisy.

Is it too late to appeal to him to act, as I am sure he would wish to act, before the cloud on the horizon is allowed to return and break over our heads?

Gilded Geralds

by ARNOLD FREEMAN HOLT

know, but they don't put it fully and frankly before the workers. Some of them would find it difficult to do so. They are in the employing class because they were born to it. The fathers put their backs and their capital into business; the sons, unfortunately, have inherited merely a share in the capital.

I MEET Sir George Hunter at Gateshead and find a man older than any of his employees, yet working longer hours than any one of them. I meet Mr. Hichens and find that although he has a man's-sized job in controlling Cammell Laird's he still has a little time left over for public work.

I merely mention the two names as examples, because on the other hand I meet men who are in important positions merely because the stork planted them in the right nest. They work short hours, spend large salaries, all because of how they were born and not how they work.

That galls the genuine worker and one ought not to blame him too much if, through it, he sees red. I saw the other day a young fellow, whose father had built up a great business, dismiss two men just because he thought they smiled meaningly when he passed and he had had one over the odds.

Such a thing ought not to be possible. Guinea-pigs and gilded Geralds ought to be cleared out of industry. No man ought to be in a position of authority in industry unless he has some qualification for it. No man ought to take more out of industry than he puts in—employer or employed.

One member of the Engineers' Union told me the other day that he only did as much work as enabled him to keep his job, and he added that there are too many engineers out of work or he'd do less.

That is the wrong spirit and can no more be justified than the continued existence of the many who masquerade as "bosses" but are actually spongers.

THE industrial spongers of both classes need clearing out of the way of the trade revival. They *will* go when the workers as a whole begin to take as much thought for their real interests as they do for the winner of the Derby, the Cup Final, or the Lancashire and Yorkshire result.

One firm I know pays a dividend on the workers' yearly wages at the same rate as it pays on the shareholders' investments. A similar result is within the reach of all if they will only substitute willing co-operation for stubborn strife.

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COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

HUGE INCOME-TAX SCANDAL

AN EYE-OPENER FOR THE PUBLIC

Millions Thrown Away

"THE cause of so many defaulting collectors is the rotten system of payment." This remarkable statement was uttered by Harold Watkin, a collector of income-tax, when he was sentenced at Barnsley on June 9 to twelve months' imprisonment for fraudulent conversion and embezzlement of public money.

Even more remarkable were the remarks of counsel prosecuting on behalf of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue when he said there was no doubt that defalcations among income-tax collectors had reached an alarming proportion.

An eye-opener

The most astounding fact of all is that this cumbersome, grossly expensive and fraud-inviting system of collecting tax through collectors should be countenanced by any sane-minded Chancellor of the Exchequer.

It may be an eye-opener to the tax-payer to know that the allowances made to assessors and collectors of income-tax have cost the country the following amounts during recent years :—

April 6, 1919, to April 5,				1920	£1,178,000
" "	1920	" "	"	1921	1,483,000
" "	1921	" "	"	1922	1,558,000
" "	1922	" "	"	1923	1,334,000
" "	1923	" "	"	1924	1,169,000
" "	1924	" "	"	1925	1,226,000
" "	1925	" "	"	1926	1,227,000
Total for seven years ..					£9,175,000

Income-tax is administered by the Board of Inland Revenue, the Special Commissioners, and inspectors of taxes and their staffs, and the *personnel* of all these departments consists of permanent Civil servants.

The administration is assisted by local commissioners who are prominent residents in the particular district concerned, and who make assessments and hear appeals and are not remunerated for their labours.

The Income-tax Act of 1842 provided for the appointment of assessors to serve forms and receive returns, and collectors to collect tax and pay it to the Revenue.

Ruinous waste

It seems almost incredible that during the last seven years it has cost the British tax-payer well over nine million pounds to pay his income-tax. Nine million pounds lost before the Inland Revenue receive one single penny!

The wastage is even more than nine millions; because the figures quoted do not include the remuneration of collectors who are appointed by the Land Tax Commissioners, and in some districts the proportion of these to the total number of collectors employed is as high as 25 per cent.

Collectors other than those appointed by the Land Tax Commissioners are elected by the unpaid local commissioners, and although

The Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P., to whom as Chancellor of the Exchequer we commend the facts here given

they may be required by the local commissioners or by the Board of Inland Revenue, or by two inhabitants of the parish, to give security for the amount of tax collected, a re-assessment can be made on any parish in respect of duties lost by the defalcation of a collector, except where security has been given to the Crown, or where the appointment has been made by the Board.

Two-job men

So the harassed tax-payer may be called upon to pay again if the collector runs off with the money.

Section 88 of the Finance Act of 1918 provides that the remuneration to be paid to a collector of a parish must not exceed £1,000, but it is a well-known fact that the office of assessor and collector is frequently combined, and that the same man often acts as collector for several different parishes.

A collector may break open any premises during the day time on a warrant from the Commissioners and may distrain for tax. Furthermore, under the 1924 Finance Act, he can, in his own name, institute summary proceedings for all sums not exceeding £50.

Surely these collectors must perform a magnificent work to be paid so handsomely and to be armed with such formidable weapons.

Well, let us consider of what the work consists.

The collector receives a list from the Inland Revenue of all amounts due from tax-payers. He is also provided with a shoal of printed demand notes, all paid for by the tax-payer. He even gets a supply of officially stamped envelopes for the purpose of sending out the notes. He copies, or if he is busy gets a clerk to copy, the amount due from each tax-payer on to the respective demand notes, inserts it in the envelope and slips it in the nearest pillar-box.

The tax-payer may decide to pay at once, and if so the collector will, upon receipt of the remittance, acknowledge its safe arrival upon another official form, also supplied and paid for by the taxpayer.

Adding pressure

Then, after a few weeks, the collector sends another notice to all those who have not paid, informing the delinquents that the amount should be paid within ten days.

If nothing happens within the next few weeks the collector serves up notice No. 3, which is not quite so gentle as the previous communications; in fact, it says quite distinctly (in print, of course) that unless the amount is forthcoming within ten days steps will be taken with a view to recovery either by the collector for the district in which the tax-payer resides or by proceedings in court.

This simply means that, if John Brown earns his living in the City and lives at Clapham, the City collector has become fed up and passes it on to Clapham. If the gentleman at Clapham has no luck he sends out a final notice printed in red which states that in default of payment he will apply for a summons in a few days time.

And then the tax-payer pays. The collector writes out a receipt and every one is happy. If no payment is made the collector is put to the time and trouble of attending at court, but it can be said without fear of contradiction that the tax-payers who allow matters to go to this stage are comparatively few in number.

A new method

It is a disgrace to the Inland Revenue that it should have cost the country nine millions of money in the last seven years to pay for the services of men who do nothing more than write out names, addresses and amounts on forms and receipts.

If income-tax due from employees was collected at source, as happens in the case of banks, there would be no need to have collectors and the tax-payer would no longer be worried out of his life by having to pay income-tax. In most cases he would get a refund twice a year on account of his personal allowances.

Income-tax on the profits of trading concerns is nearly always agreed with the inspectors of taxes before the assessment is made and the amount due could be collected by them without the aid of an intermediary.

Incidentally nearly a million a year would be saved.

No wonder income-tax collectors call it a rotten system—when they are found out.

LOOK OUT FOR OUR SUMMER NUMBER

THE URIC ACID QUESTION

STRANGE FORMS OF RHEUMATISM

There is probably no single subject affecting the health which has attracted so much attention in recent years as uric acid. The rapidly increasing knowledge of this insidious and dangerous substance has shown of what immediate personal concern it is to everyone to understand its vagaries and the remarkable range of disorders which result from its accumulation in the body.

This interest is fully justified because the uric acid disorders are so widely prevalent in this country. Statistics show how few men and women are wholly immune from rheumatism in some form.

THE SOURCE OF URIC ACID.

Uric acid, which is so mischievous in its consequences, is one of the natural waste products of the body. It forms partly from the worn-out portions of the tissues, and partly from certain elements of the food, but whichever source it springs from its mode of action is the same, it possesses the same properties and produces the same effects.

As for all other waste products, the system is provided with means for the destruction of uric acid, so that in early life and in good health the dangerous substance is removed before it can do any harm. Later in life, however, the organs intended for this purpose, viz., the liver and the kidneys, do not always act with complete regularity, so that a certain portion of the uric acid is left in the body; while at the same time changes in personal habits and in the nature and quantity of diet result in the introduction of an abnormal quantity of uric acid into the system. The uric acid thus retained in the body enters the circulation, and begins at once to play havoc with the health. This clogging waste matter chokes up the tiny blood vessels, causes congestion of the circulation, with resultant intense headache, feverish conditions, nervous irritability, sleeplessness and depression.

BEGINNINGS OF PAIN.

When uric acid has thoroughly saturated the blood it begins to drop out upon the tissues through which the blood circulates, and in the form of small crystals it forces its way through joints, cartilages, and muscles. At first its presence causes only slight twinges of pain, felt in the muscles and joints, during damp or changeable weather, after over-exertion or fatigue of any sort. Soon these pains become more constant, and develop into rheumatism or lumbago, when the deposits of uric acid have spread over large areas of the muscles and destroyed their elasticity.

Sometimes the spread of uric acid is heralded by a numbness and tingling in the fingers, which betokens the development of one of the most acutely painful forms of the malady, neuritis. In this and its twin disorder, sciatica, sharp pin-points of uric acid pierce the nerves of the arm and thigh respectively, and it is the first and tiniest of these crystals that cause the sensation of pins and needles. This latter, however, becomes a hot stabbing and incessant pain, which finally results in lameness and great muscular weakness. The irritating particles of uric acid embed themselves in the skin, where their presence sets up the intolerable irritation of that most obstinate of all skin disorders, eczema.

RHEUMATIC JOINTS.

The most familiar results of uric acid impregnation, however, are the stiff, swollen and painful joints of chronic rheumatism and rheumatic gout. These are the largest deposits of uric acid which occur in the body, and perhaps the most difficult to remove, but like all other uratic accumulations, they can be broken up and dispersed by the chemical action of that group of agents known as uric-acid solvents. Uric acid solvents furnish, in fact, the only logical and successful treatment for these ailments.

The most successful uric acid solvents are those which compose Bishop's Varalettes. That explains why for a number of years Bishop's Varalettes have been regarded as the most effective remedy and preventive for rheumatic and gouty maladies. Their mode of action in the body is so interesting that it merits a moment's description.

HOW THE REMEDY ACTS.

Bishop's Varalettes enter the circulation in solution, and are speedily carried by the blood to every portion of the anatomy. Wherever uric acid has accumulated, be it in joints, muscles, or organs, Bishop's Varalettes come into contact with it, and form a chemical combination which robs uric acid of all its dreaded properties. Under the action of Bishop's Varalettes, uric acid is converted from an insoluble, pain-causing and dangerous waste product into the most harmless and easily-controlled compound, which gives no more trouble in the body than the rest of the waste products.

Transformed into this condition by Bishop's Varalettes, uric acid is gradually washed out of the joints, muscles, and nerves, and removed from the system through the kidneys. With its departure, pain and inflammation disappear, the muscles regain their elasticity and suppleness, swollen joints are reduced to normal size and flexibility, stiffness and lameness depart, and the system becomes once again free.

In Bishop's Varalettes the makers do not offer a "quack" nostrum for which miraculous powers to cure all complaints are claimed, but a known and well-tried remedy for rheumatic maladies. Bishop's Varalettes are the one remedy you can rely upon to give you relief and lasting freedom from rheumatic and gouty suffering.

So confident are we of the value of the Varalette treatment—based as it is on 30 years of success—that we will refund in full the 7s. paid for a 30 days' course of Bishop's Varalettes where the treatment has been faithfully followed if no relief is obtained. We ask you just to return to us the wrapper from the 7s. bottle, and we will refund the money.

HOW DIETING HELPS.

Since a portion of the uric acid is introduced by food, as explained at the outset, it follows that the avoidance of food and drink rich in uric acid is important. The question of individual needs is too long and complicated a subject to discuss here, but the whole matter is set out in authoritative form in a little booklet issued free by the makers of Bishop's Varalettes. In this booklet you will find a list of all the uric-acid forming foods and beverages which must be strictly avoided, together with a wide range of permissible foods, of which the richness and variety will perhaps surprise you.

This booklet corrects many fallacious opinions on the subject of diet and should be in the possession of all who are subject to rheumatism, sciatica, neuritis, lumbago, gout, etc., as a reliable guide to health. A copy will be sent post free on application to the sole makers of Bishop's Varalettes, Alfred Bishop, Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists (est. 1857), 50, Spelman Street, London, E.1.

Bishop's Varalettes may be obtained of all chemists at 3s. and 7s., or post free from the makers, as above.

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To cope with the demand for a reliable weatherproof coat for holiday use, the Barry Service now place on the market "The Barrico," "Summer Type."
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Near Moorgate Tram and Tube Terminus

You *can't* get wet in the

Mattamac

19oz. FEATHERWEIGHT STORMPROOF

From now onwards WE SELL DIRECT TO THE PUBLIC ONLY. All Models sold by us are reduced by the amount of the previous Retail Profit. In style, material, trimmings and workmanship "Mattamac" Stormproofs are unchanged. The only change is that Direct Selling makes them 6/- in the £ cheaper.

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21/-

FOLDS INTO THIS SIZE

19 oz. You can put it in your Pocket or Handbag when the Sun shines.

Made in 11 Styles, 15 Shades and 40 Sizes.

UNBELTED COAT NOW 21/-
Colours: Fawn, Olive, Grey, Nigger, Silver, Brick, Copper, Pastel, Tawny, Bottle, Sunset, Powder Blue, Leaf Green, Navy & Black.
BELTED COAT NOW 23/6

Unbelted 19oz. Model was ~~29/6~~ now **21/-**

Belted 21½oz. Model was ~~33/6~~ now **23/6**

A "Mattamac" is identical in appearance with the usual five-guinea Weather-proof. In utility, also, it equals its much-more-costly Competitor. It gives lasting wear, weighs one-third, and is **absolutely Waterproof.** Though light and compact folding, it is Wind and Chill proof as well as Wet proof. As a general-utility Coat for Driving, Motoring, Shopping, etc., you will find it *most* useful.

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illustrating 11 Models. A p.c. brings the Booklet and colour Patterns of "Matta" Fabric, or you can safely order without waiting, wherever you may live.

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You buy without risk. Send chest measurement over waistcoat (Ladies measure over Dress), height and remittance, stating colour, and your "Mattamac" will be sent post free British Isles (extra abroad). If you are not fully satisfied you can return it within 7 days of receipt and get your money back in full. After Retailers' existing stocks are cleared, "Mattamac" Stormproofs are *only* obtainable from the "Mattamac" Showrooms and Branches, or by post from the Conduit Street Headquarters. If unable personally to inspect Models, send order with remittance, or write for the **"Mattamac" Booklet T29.**

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ARE YOUR NERVES STARVING?

Nature provides in every one of us special foods which are consumed by the brain and by the complex nervous system which the brain directs and controls.

These foods are produced in the glands. Shortage of these foods means immediate nervous trouble.

If you are suffering from nervous depression, unreasoned fears, dread of failure, or any of the other more acute symptoms—then you are deficient in these essential foods. Now, for the first time, you can get these actual nerve and brain foods in tablet form. Nonn provides the nervous system with just the foods in which it is deficient. Nonn follows Nature so closely that it has to be made in two different forms. Nonn for Men and Nonn for Women.

RED Cartons for Men **3/-** 15 days' supply.

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Nature's Own Nerve Nourishment

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Here is a splendid chance for you to secure the biggest bicycle bargain ever offered on exceptionally easy payment terms. Don't let this golden opportunity pass. Write TO-DAY for exquisitely coloured illustrations and detailed specifications and note for yourself how luxurious is the equipment of these strongly built, silent running beautifully finished ladies' and gentlemen's No. 400A "Marvel" models.

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7/- NOW

COMPANY MEETING.

HOVIS LIMITED.

The ordinary general meeting of Hovis, Ltd., was held on the 14th inst at Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.

Mr. A. H. Dence, who presided, said the divisible profit showed an increase of £3,000 over that for last year, and their proposals were to pay a dividend of 10 per cent., with an addition of 2½ per cent. bonus, both subject to tax.

Hovis bread was now sold in Canada; they had made quite a useful start there. For many years they had been represented in South Africa. Hovis was in the home a household necessity, and Hovis in Great Britain was a household word. They were hopeful that it would become an Empire word, as they were confident it was an Empire necessity. The more they inquired into the qualities of their bread the more they were satisfied, and the latest reports they had had from those scientists who had been engaged for years on this matter in respect of the vitamin content of Hovis Bread indicated that their bread had a paramount content of Vitamin B, and so far as breads were concerned stood alone. The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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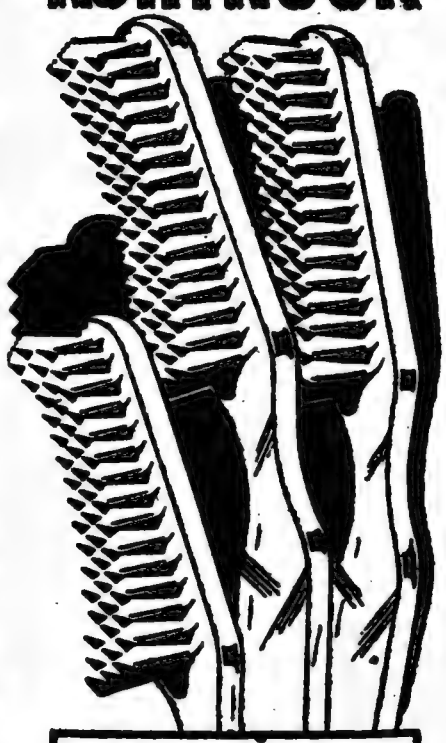

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All Chemists.

in Four Qualities.

NEXT STOP, HEAVEN!

by The Rev. Canon J. HASLOCH POTTER *(Author of "Inasmuch: The Story of the Police Court Mission")*

NO greater mistake can be made than that the State's dealings with offenders should only partake of the nature of punishment. Often the course taken when the offender comes up for trial determines the whole future career of the individual concerned.

FIFTY-ONE years ago the Church of England Temperance Society appointed a temperance missionary at the old Southwark Police Court; now there are missionaries, male and female, or both, at almost every police court, the bulk of them probation officers.

This is how it came about. Their first work was to look after cases of drunkenness, pure and simple. It soon became evident, however, that drink was mixed up with all kinds of charges.

Hence the magistrates began to employ the missionaries for various purposes, quite outside of the original intention.

A wise change

At this time two things were becoming increasingly evident—(1) That criminal judicature, as then administered, especially among the young, was a ghastly failure; (2) that if only something could be substituted, in certain cases, for the inevitable imprisonment, the power of the missionaries for good would be vastly increased.

The result was the passing, in 1887, of the First Offenders' Act, by which, instead of fining or sending convicted first offenders to prison, magistrates could direct that they be released upon entering into recognisance during such a time as the court might direct, *to appear and receive judgment when called upon.*

In 1907 the Probation Act was passed; this removed the necessity for the accused person to appear again before the court at all, provided the terms of probation were duly observed. The Act also definitely created probation officers, who in almost every instance were the court missionaries.

In 1925 came the Criminal Judicature Act, in which the missionary was definitely recognised as suitable for the position of probation officer. Thus it is perfectly true to say that because one missionary was appointed fifty years ago therefore the whole magnificent system of probation is in full swing to-day.

National disgrace

The condition of prisons at the beginning of the last century was, physically, morally and spiritually, vile beyond description.

Prison life was neither remedial nor preventive. The chief, indeed almost the only, production of the jail is still the "jail-bird."

A prisoner of remarkable intelligence and education, writing from a northern jail to a police court missionary, hits off part of the reason. He says: "Prison is the one thing that society neither forgives nor forgets. It will accept a debauchee, a drunkard, a blasphemer, and a rogue, but it won't accept a man who has been in prison."

The Rev. Canon Hasloch Potter

Judges, magistrates, prison officials know it, and that is why they and the Government too, in several Blue Books, are so warm in their praises of the Police Court Mission.

Dr. Mary Gordon, late H.M. Inspector of Prisons, throws an interesting sidelight on the official view, in the following charming little story:

Strange admission

"Once I was in a town where a man, committed for trial, escaped on the morning when he should have been tried. In the afternoon I met the judge who was seeing over the prison. He said, 'Well, that fellow has got clean away.' I said (really without thinking what I was saying), 'I'm so glad.' 'What,' said the judge severely, 'His Majesty's inspector glad when a prisoner escapes from justice?' 'Yes,' I said stoutly, 'I am.' The judge looked cautiously round about him. 'Don't tell anybody,' he whispered, 'but *so am I.*'"

Now turn to punishments. In 1819 five boys were sentenced to death at Leicester Assizes for robbery of various kinds, afterwards the sentences were commuted to transportation, but the poor lads were ruined for life.

At the same assizes a lad of seventeen was executed for highway robbery. In those days there were 220 offences punishable with death, including such awful crimes as breaking the head of a pond so that fish might escape, robbing a rabbit warren, or personating a Chelsea pensioner!

In 1826 four little boys, of seven or eight years old, were sent to jail and placed upon the treadmill for stealing a few apples out of the vicar's garden.

About eighty years ago a metropolitan magistrate sent a boy of five and a half years to prison for stealing flour, and the tiny tot served fourteen days in Tothill Fields Jail.

"In those days," says H. T. Waddy, J.P., "the great problem of the criminal child was, 'How can we get rid of him and lose him?' The same problem, still but partly solved, may to-day be stated in different terms, 'How can we save and use him?'"

Changed atmosphere

But enough of the past: what do we find now? A first offender is seldom if ever sent to prison, but placed on probation under the care of a specially trained, experienced Christian man or woman.

In old days children were tried before the ordinary Bench, amid all its surroundings of squalor and vice; if remanded they were sent to prison, and put into hideous convict dress. Now those under sixteen are not permitted to be tried at the usual Sessions, but have their own Children's Court, with usually one woman J.P. on the Bench.

Liverpool has perhaps the finest Children's Court in the country, airy, light and homelike. Smaller places have to be content with a school or a hall or the police court itself when not occupied by ordinary Sessions. But the whole atmosphere is changed.

"Come now, you young rascal, what were you really doing at that door?" said a kindly magistrate in a Children's Court. "Please, sir, I was only a-spitting in the keyhole to put the fire out. It was Tom what lit the paper." Both criminals were let off with a caution.

"The Children's Court," says one of our most experienced magistrates, "is usually a joyous place. The little culprits wait about the door till the 'beak' comes out, and shrill voices wish him 'Good day.' This is the sign that they understand and that he has understood."

At the back of all this marvellous improvement lies the solid work of the Police Court Mission, founded on a distinctly religious basis.

Sign of reformation

Can we give higher testimony than that of the present Home Secretary? "I do not know what we should do without the mission work, or how we could carry on the remedial side of the police court without it."

In an apparently rather hopeless case a wife appealed to the Bench for a separation order. "Let's see what the missionary can do first," said the magistrate. The missionary began by tackling the drink question, induced the man to give it up and to take an interest in his garden. Bit by bit, decency, cleanliness, furniture, and best of all godliness, crept into the house.

The climax arrived one night when the proud couple asked the missionary to come to the bottom of the garden. There was the outward and visible token of the inward and spiritual reformation, *a pig in a sty!*

Want to taste something good?

—then please have some of this

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Send a postcard bearing your name and address to Desk 114, Quaker Oats Ltd., 11, Finsbury Square, E.C.2, and we will send you a sample packet of Puffed Rice FREE.

Puffed Rice is whole rice exploded by a wonderful process to eight times natural size. It tastes like toasted nuts. It gives energy. Is easy to digest. Everyone enjoys it. It needs no cooking.

There are dozens of ways of serving Puffed Rice—afloat in a bowl of milk: with cream: with custard: or fruit, fresh or tinned, etc.

Write that postcard now and so give the family a real treat.

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Sold by all good grocers.

Try also Puffed Wheat

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Backache wears a Woman Out!

Pay heed to your kidneys.

WOMAN'S occupations strain the kidneys. It is little wonder that women so frequently suffer with backache, rheumatic twinges, depression, dizzy sensations and urinary irregularities. Doan's Backache Kidney Pills are recommended by earnest, healthy women who owe recovery from lumbago, rheumatism, sciatica and other painful disorders, solely to the merits of Doan's Pills.

"My Medicine was Doan's"

On 13th June, 1925, Mrs. E. Johnston, 109, Essex Street, Middlesbrough, said :—"Backache became so bad, it was painful to get up and down stairs. My head ached badly, and I became very dizzy. Both ankles were greatly swollen with rheumatism.

"My medicine was Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. They soon made me fit and well."

On 25th April, 1927, Mrs. Johnston said :—"I earnestly recommend Doan's Pills. They are a splendid kidney medicine.

(Signed) E. Johnston."

Do as Mrs. Johnston did. Ask distinctly for DOAN'S. 3/- per box.

DOAN'S
Backache Kidney Pills

Sole Proprietors : Foster-McClellan Co., London, W.1

The Best Laxative!

Read what Bilax Users say :—

"Bilax is an easy laxative to take, without any unpleasant after-effects."
F. HEWITT, London.

"Bilax is an excellent laxative. I recommend it highly."
Mrs. H. DALTON, Sheffield.

"Bilax rid me of constipation and indigestion." Mrs. M. ADAMS, Liverpool.

50 *Sugar Coated Bilax, 1/3 per bottle. Obtainable of all dealers.*

Take a BILAX to-night.

Made by Doan's

In Sunshine Ward

by **PHILIP INMAN**

THERE is no quality on earth like that of human sympathy. And nothing proves its worth more than mutual suffering. Hearts are drawn closer together, and a chain of love is forged that nothing can ever sever.

JOHN MARSHALL: HERO

"I WOULD rather have a live coward than a dead hero!" That cry of anguish rings in my ears as I write. In my office sat three people—a girl in the early twenties dressed in sombre black; an elderly doctor, with a kind, benevolent face and a heart of gold, and myself.

We were engaged on one of those sad missions which, alas! so often fall to the lot of those who work in a hospital. My friend the doctor, a genius at mending broken bodies, was trying his wonderful skill on a broken heart. In words of real tenderness he had expressed to her the sympathy which we all felt.

"At any rate," he went on, "you have the consolation of knowing that your husband died a hero."

A look of resentment flashed into that girl's eyes. "A hero," she cried scornfully, "what is that to me? I would rather have a live coward than a dead hero."

For a moment there was silence, broken only by the deep breathing of this sorrow-stricken girl. Then she spoke again.

"Forgive me," she said quietly, "you mean to be kind, I know, but I just can't grasp it." Then the tears started to flow. "John, John, come back to me," she wailed. "I can't live without you."

Unanswered appeal

But to that piteous appeal there came no answering voice. Yesterday there would have been a glad response, but today her husband's lips were sealed for ever, and this young girl, standing on the threshold of womanhood, was a widow.

"A hero" the doctor had called John Marshall, and he well deserved the appellation. The cause of his death was revealed at the inquest. "Stop there till I call you," said the policeman on point duty to five-year-old Janet Wainwright who was trying to cross a busy part of the Strand. The child disregarded the warning, and stepped off the pavement on to the road.

She would have been badly hurt, if not killed outright, for an oncoming omnibus swept down upon her like a flash, but John Marshall who was standing by realised the danger and rushed to the child's aid. He flung her clear of the vehicle, but in so doing he received a terrific blow on the head.

Instantly the ambulance was summoned and he was carried unconscious into the hospital. It was evident that his injuries were serious, and for some hours he lay still as death.

A tragic meeting

Then his eyes slowly opened and he gazed wonderingly around him. "Where am I?" he asked feebly. Briefly he was told what had happened, and with the mention of the motor-bus his memory returned.

"Is the little girl all right?" he whispered: "Yes, quite all right," they assured him. He made an effort to smile, but it was checked by a spasm of pain His lips moved again.

"Tell my wife"—he started, but what he intended to say will never be known, for his eyes closed again, and in a few minutes he was gone.

That brings me back to the scene in my office with which my story commenced. We had been sitting there for some little time, when another visitor was announced. She was Mrs. Wainwright, the mother of the child who, by John Marshall's gallantry, had been saved from almost certain death.

As she entered the room I wondered what the outcome would be. The situation was indeed a delicate one. There sat the grief-stricken widow, smarting under a sudden and irreparable loss. Here was the woman whose little child had been spared her—but at what a price!

The meeting between those two was one of tragic poignancy. "My dear," said Mrs. Wainwright very tenderly, "what can I say to you?" From Mrs.

Philip Inman

Marshall there came no answering word, but her eyes filled with tears.

Then said the elder woman very gently, "I want you to know that I understand. I know what you are going through, for I have lost my husband too. He has been dead just a year, and I thought I should never get over it." She paused for a minute, and then in the same quiet, subdued tones went on, "My little girl is the only happiness left to me. If she had gone, well——."

Cause for thankfulness

There is no link like that forged in the chain of suffering. Mrs. Marshall dried her eyes and looked across at the speaker. When she spoke the rebellion had gone out of her voice. "Is she your only child?" she asked. "Yes," came the quiet reply, "my only one."

For a minute there was silence. Then the stillness of that room was broken by the whisper, "My John saved her. For that I am thankful."

The Sentence of the Court

SHOCKS FOR SHEIKS

Desert Debt Collecting

STANDING on tiptoes to see over the top of the dock, and doing his little best to look like a statesman, Mr. L. C. M. S. Amery, Colonial Secretary, pleaded "Not guilty" when charged with a breach of the Anti-War Precautions Act.

"The root of the trouble of which this charge is the outcome," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "is to be found in that cursed word, 'Mesopotamia.' Why we are there has never been explained and how long we are remaining no man knoweth.

"What the unhappy taxpayers of this country do know is that the 'Messupotamia' business has already cost them £150,000,000, and that from £3,000,000 to £4,000,000 is still being squandered upon what, in more than one sense of the word, is a sandy 'waste.'

"As if we have not paid heavily enough in cash, we are now being asked to fertilise the desert with British blood. This wild Colonial (office) boy and his colleagues have apparently decided that another little war wouldn't do us any harm, so British soldiers have been sent into the mountains on the north-east of Iraq to collect taxes from unwilling natives on behalf of King Faisal.

"If in this semi-barbarous country the punishment for debt is death, there is still no reason why we should be called upon to carry out the debt penalty. The British Army is not composed of executioners who can be hired out to any casual monarch, brown, black or yellow, who is disinclined to do his own dirty work."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that the real disturber of the peace in Mesopotamia was a wild Kurdish sheik named Mahmud, who refuses to recognise the authority of King Faisal and has for years been a conscientious objector to Faisal's tax-collectors.

It had been found necessary (counsel continued) to employ machine-guns and bayonet charges to bring Mahmud to a more reasonable frame of mind. Levies had also been sent against another chief, the Sheik of Barsan. The need for these expeditions was regrettable, but to speak of them as "war" was absurd.

* * *

"I am not concerned," said Mr. Justice Bull, "as to whether or not the Kurds are justified in refusing to sing 'God save King Faisal' and pay taxes for the privilege of being reigned over by an alien monarch. What I am concerned with are these too-frequent attempts to use the British Army as an inter-tribal debt-collecting agency.

"Mahmud's real name may be 'mud' without the 'Mah,' but neither his 'Kurds' nor Faisal's 'way' of levying taxes are any business of ours. There is no good reason why we should be killing Kurds and risking British lives in a country we have no right to be in.

"The citizens of this country have never been able to understand why we are in Mesopotamia or why we stay there, but they are not without dark suspicions that Mosul oil wells mean rather more than our supposedly beloved Assyrian brethren to certain people who support the Government's policy.

"When, however, tax-collecting at the point of the bayonet and the delivery of demand notes in the form of bombs is added to other unjustifiable activities, it is time for a vigorous protest.

"The sentence of the Court is that this pocket Napoleon be exiled to Mesopotamia to remain there until the Government withdraws or the sands of the desert grow gold—whichever period be the longer."

Mr. EVERYMAN

'Now, Mr. Drage, you won't write to my employers?'

Mr. Drage: Why, bless my soul, what do you mean?
Mr. Everyman: I mean about references.
Mr. Drage: This is a private and confidential transaction, Mr. Everyman. How could it be so if I write to your employers and friends. On no account whatever will I either ask for or take up a reference.
Mr. Everyman: Now my mind's easy, Mr. Drage. Well, we've chosen £90 worth of furniture, and want to pay for it on your "No Deposit" system, 50/- now and 50/- monthly afterwards.
Mr. Drage: I'm delighted to agree. When would you like delivery?
Mr. Everyman: On Thursday, Mr. Drage. But first I'd like to be sure there are no extra charges.
Mr. Drage: Not a single penny. And here is your Drage protection in writing.
Mr. Everyman: Ah—that's the arrangement by which if I can't go on paying I keep what I have paid for, isn't it?
Mr. Drage: Yes, less an agreed reasonable deduction for use and cartage.
Mr. Everyman: That's very fair and straightforward. One knows where one stands in dealing with Drages.
Mr. Drage: Now your free Fire and Life Policy will be issued by the Eagle Star and British Dominions Insurance Co., and sent to you very shortly. It will protect you from this moment till the last payment is made.
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This Seasonable FLORAL VOILE FROCK FOR 1/6 WITH ORDER.

A very Special Frock for summer wear, exhibiting beautiful flower garden colours effects. In all-over Voile of variegated shades and tones. Neat insert vest effect. Half belt finished in front with pretty bow. Skirt nicely box-pleated. A dainty "butterfly" creation in keeping with the latest fashion.

So confident am I of its wonderful Value, that I am willing to send it to you on "home approval" for a small deposit of 1/6 only.

Examine it at Home. Pay by Instalments.

Unless you are quite pleased and satisfied when you receive this Frock, you may return it and your Deposit will be instantly refunded.

Send your Deposit now and judge for yourself.

COLOUR & SIZES: Mauve, Vieux Rose, Biscuit, New Blue, and can also be had in Black White. Lengths: 40, 42, 44, 46 ins.

MY PRICE Long Sleeves **11/9** Short Sleeves **10/9**

O.S.: 44, 46, 48 ins. Long Sleeves 15/9. Short Sleeves 14/9.

F98 BARGAIN COUPON.

Please send me on approval Floral Voile Frock No. F98 at present bargain price.

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Long or Short Sleeves .....

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I enclose 1/6 deposit, together with 6d. for postage and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1/6 or more. If not satisfied, and I return the Frock at once, you will refund my deposit. Enclose coupon with name and full address and Postal Order crossed thus / /.

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Ambrose Wilson, Ltd., 509, Allen House, 70, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

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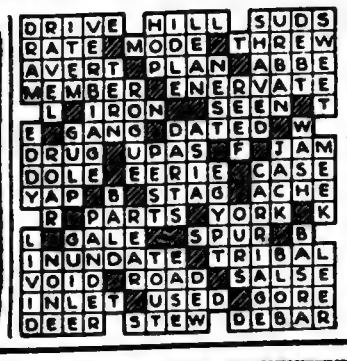
NEWBALL & MASON, LTD, NOTTINGHAM



Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

This week's puzzle is on page 2.

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

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have their smart shoes fitted with 'Stick-a-Soles.' Thin, light rubbers that outlast leather . . . invisible.

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Phillips Stick-a-Soles Ladies' 2/6 Men's 3/6

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The "Bermaline" Way to Health

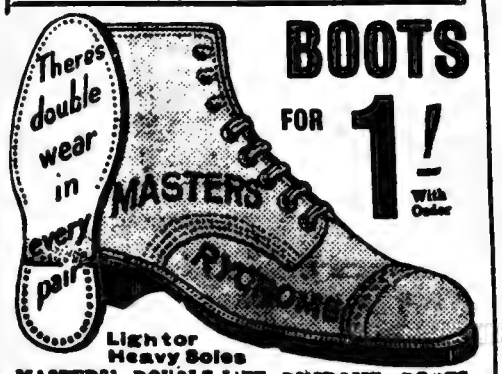
Where "Bermaline" is the one and only Bread, appetising and satisfying, fitness of physique is assured.

"Bermaline" Bread is baked with the choicest Wheat Flour and the finest Extract of Malt containing the requisite, necessary, nutritive diet for young and old.

"Bermaline"

The Ideal Wheaten Malt Bread.

Write Montgomerie & Co., Ltd., Ibrox, Glasgow, for name and address of your nearest "Bermaline" Baker.



BOOTS FOR 1/- With Order

Light or Heavy Soles

MASTERS' DOUBLE-LIFE RYCROME BOOTS

—A new Boot, soled with RYCROME leather, which wears twice as long as ordinary leather, and gives you double value for your money. We offer these RYCROME Soled Double-Wear Boots in Black or Tan, price 25/-, on special easy terms which anybody can afford to pay—1/- now, 3/- on delivery, and 4/- monthly, and you have the Boots to wear while paying your monthly instalments. Give these wonderful RYCROME Boots a trial. Send 1/- (P.O. or stamps) to-day, and say what size we shall send you.

We also supply men's Suits on Easy Payments from 7/- monthly. Ready to wear and made to measure for Holiday or Business wear, and you have the Suit to wear while paying for it. Style, fit, make and wear guaranteed. Write to-day for Free Sample Pieces of Cloth and Simple Home Measurement Form.

MASTERS Ltd., 83, Hope Stores, RYE.

2/- NOW and THE BIKE IS YOURS

I OFFER to readers of "John Bull" first-class Coventry-built cycles at POUNDS BELOW last year's prices.

Absolutely GENUINE REDUCTIONS have been made in thousands of brand new, fully guaranteed 1927 Models, any of which I will send on 14 DAYS' APPROVAL, CARRIAGE PAID, on receipt of small deposit only.

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AMAZING SECRET OF HAIR BEAUTY.

UNFAILING WAY THAT COSTS NOTHING.

To have healthy hair is mainly a matter of scalp stimulation which keeps the roots and follicles free from dandruff. This is so important that hair beauty is impossible without it; yet to-day hundreds of women are losing all trace of hair health because they deny their scalps this necessary stimulation. The secret of scalp stimulation is in your own hands and costs you nothing—brush your hair vigorously night and morning. This will keep it healthy and in good condition, but to repair the damage of the past and give your hair new beauty, to make it really lovely, you must use Lavona Hair Tonic, too, which contains a special ingredient that feeds the hair-roots and nourishes your scalp so that rich-toned gleaming hair replaces disappointing tresses. Lavona Hair Tonic costs only 1s. 6d. from any chemist, and you get a free shampoo and definite guarantee of satisfaction or money back as well. Get a package of Lavona Hair Tonic to-day and see for yourself how true its beauty secret is.

The BEST LIVER PILL

Valuable Vegetable Extracts.

A DISORDERED liver leads to excessive bile in the blood, causing the complexion to become yellow and pimples, blotches, etc., to break out. Other "liver" symptoms are coated tongue, palpitation, nausea, flatulence, headache, debility and depression.

The great success of Bile Beans is due to the fact that they are compounded solely from vegetable extracts which act directly on the liver and restore its natural functions. Unlike old-fashioned pills containing searching drugs and mineral purges, Bile Beans do not gripe, but gently coax the disordered system back to health.

Bile Beans are indispensable to the sickly wife or anæmic girl. They are a valuable tonic for the system, purify the blood and ease the bowels without griping or purging. Bile Beans are obtainable of chemists in sealed boxes at 1/3 and 3/-.

SAMPLE BOX POST FREE! Test Bile Beans without cost. For free sample box send postcard (id. stamp) to Bile Beans, Leeds. Mention "John Bull." 25.6.27.

SUIT YOURSELF For 1/6 A WEEK

SPECIAL BARGAIN OFFER on LOWEST EASY PAYMENT TERMS of the famous Selby Suits, etc. Selby means satisfaction. Each garment is Cut and Tailored by Leading London Experts, and we Guarantee Perfect Fitting. Only the best quality materials are used, and the latest London styles embodied. Complete Approval Before Purchase.

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SELBY MFG CO., LTD. (Dept. 51B), 21a, FINSBURY ST., LONDON, E.C.2.

Selby SOUND VALUE

Words Winged to Women

IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?

by **MABEL HORNER**

CAN a fountain send forth at the same time sweet waters and bitter? The old question needs an answer. Divided counsels do not lead either to happiness or greatness, whether given in a home or in a nation.

I SUPPOSE a Prime Minister's wife, by the very splendour of her husband's position, is expected, as woman and helpmeet, to remain a little in the background. Perhaps that is why if Mr. Baldwin makes a speech nearly every newspaper in the world makes him a mouthpiece, and if Mrs. Baldwin makes one there is very little heard of it.

Yet Mrs. Baldwin does, upon occasion, make very telling speeches. Sometimes she gives out thoughts that it would be all the better if the world heard. She made one a short time ago when Princess Mary, among others, accepted her invitation to 10, Downing Street.

On two occasions Mrs. Baldwin has visited Salvation Army shelters for homeless and destitute women. As a result this gathering at Downing Street was called to see how the work could be extended and more help made available for the unfortunate. Mrs. Baldwin detailed her visits with sympathetic reference to the poor women who are without homes and means.

Rekindling the flickering flame

"From these shelters," she said, "women do draw a little light to rekindle that flickering flame from the divine spark, that gift of God which we all have inside us. The little service I was privileged to attend . . . brought them into touch with that something for which they longed, but which, through disuse, and, perhaps, forgetfulness, was likely to be extinguished."

Thus did Mrs. Baldwin plead for those who are unfortunate, and who may often include both the ignorant and sinful, pressing home responsibility in her concluding question, "*Is it nothing to you, all ye who pass by?*"

Because a Prime Minister's wife asks this question we must not neglect it. For this is Christianity at its sweetest and best. It is the message of hope that declares that in every human being there is a spark of divine life which may be crushed and banished or fanned into vigour to burn with pure and holy flame.

This is the creed we maintain a national Church to preach. This is the controlling impulse of those who believe in sending out missionaries to take the Christian religion to other races who live abroad. Now, let us see how in actual practice we carry out this Christian religion.

There is shortly to be an aerial pageant at Hendon. Here is a description of what is going to happen. "At Hendon aerodrome," says the Air Ministry, "a new town is arising with a rapidity not excelled in the construction of steel houses. It is a barbarian city that is to play a central part in the R.A.F. display at Hendon on July 2. A small community of European missionaries and traders have long been established in this eastern town peacefully pursuing their activities. A church has recently been completed."

Mrs. Baldwin

But there is unrest among the "natives" and the Europeans, apparently forgotten by God in spite of their church-building, are "isolated."

The time, we are told, is dawn. But it is far from being the dawn of that golden age for which the Church has been working and waiting.

Nor do the Europeans who are "isolated" rely upon that spiritual power they have been preaching. They fly distress signals which they expect and find answered by a wonderful attack by bombing aeroplanes, heavy machine-gun fire, and panic-stricken native women and children fleeing from their homes on fire. The town is destroyed. Only the newly-built church is saved.

Why? Are we to suppose that the Almighty Himself prefers bombs to treaties? Are we to think that instead of recognising that even undeveloped races may have rights and grievances which common humanity might deal with and settle peaceably, God is pleased when we bomb, scatter and burn them; that heaven, in return, will keep miraculously fire-proof any miserable building of wattle and mud in which hypocritical prayers are said?

Rank hypocrisy

For either we believe in our national religion or we do not. If we do, then we believe that even "barbarian natives" share our common humanity, that men and women everywhere belong to one family, and are the children of one common Father. We believe that even they have within them that "divine spark, that gift of God which we all have inside us."

If we do not then all our churches and our prayers and above all our missionary efforts are foul hypocrisy and rank offence in the sight of heaven.

I hope that Mr. Baldwin agrees with Mrs. Baldwin's interpretation of the Christian religion. If he does he will surely recommend to the chiefs of the Air Ministry that, if they must have war propaganda of this spectacular sort, they keep it free from connection with religion. The two have nothing in common.

But—"Is it nothing to you, all ye *women* who pass by?"

The Thief in the Home

Lock the Door Against Him!

THERE are many thieves, other than the burglar who picks locks or climbs rain-spouts, able to break into our homes and make away with our property. The burglar who leaves us sound in wind and limb may be made to disgorge his ill-gotten gains and made to pay the penalty for his own wrong-doing.

The illness that creeps insidiously into the home may also be conquered if means are forthcoming, but not before full toll is taken of health and happiness and money. The epidemic of smallpox in industrial centres is a terrible indictment of bad housing and overcrowding.

Unexpected visitor

When both father and mother are affected and the younger members of the family must be isolated the distress suffered is more than physical. It involves real monetary difficulty, but when sufferers from this dread complaint are registered readers of JOHN BULL there is the help of the cheque which is provided in such cases.

The other unwelcome thief of money and time, *accident*, does not creep into the home. It *crashes* in, so unexpectedly as to be almost unbelievable.

Who, for instance, would dream that a tomato could be the cause of a really bad disaster? Yet this is what actually happened to Mrs. E. A. Leedham, of 7, Lindrop Street, Fulham, hurrying home with an armful of small parcels.

Practical sympathy

Ascending a dimly-lit staircase at home she dropped a tomato, but only became aware of it when coming down again. She slipped on it and found herself lying helpless with a badly fractured ankle.

She was laid up for four weeks, but her time of invalidism was rendered very much brighter by the help her registration with JOHN BULL brought her.

Mrs. L. Adams, of 18, Bradford Street, Old Town, Eastbourne, is a young wife who recently has welcomed to her home a new inmate. In the sitting room, before the fire, were spread on an armchair clean sheets and napkins to air in readiness.

The quiet, helpful talk between mother and daughter was suddenly interrupted by a queer smell of burning. A spark had leapt from the fire and not only the fresh linen but the armchair itself was blazing.

These registered readers, after baby's safe arrival, could not resist "telling JOHN BULL all about it." Sympathy was felt for the young mother who had so bravely faced and overcome such a trying ordeal, and payment was made to assist her in replacing her damaged property.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Osborne, of 1, Lorne Terrace, Hull, had trouble of a different sort. He had no work and no "dole." She had plenty of work, for the less money the more work for a woman.

They had just managed to struggle along on a bare pittance—the weekly earnings of a young son and daughter—when Mrs. Osborne, standing on a chair fell from it and broke her leg.

Now, in good earnest, the Osbornes were "up against it" in a way the well-to-do can never know. Medical fees had to be raised, and small sums borrowed from friends merely to keep the wolf of starvation from the door.

Worth while

In the nick of time they remembered that they were not merely readers of JOHN BULL, but registered readers. They wrote and JOHN BULL responded.

It is the regular reading and *the registration that is not allowed to lapse* that makes the difference. Only a very short-sighted, unimaginative person, in the light of such domestic trials as have been recorded, would say that that registration was not abundantly worth while.

ORANGES & LEMONS MAKE THE BEST FRUIT DRINKS.

Kia-Ora has the largest sale of any Fruit Drink in the British Empire—for the simple reason that Britons are quick to realise *quality*. The first taste of Kia-Ora immediately tells you that here you have no chemical mixture, but a wholesome beverage made from the best fruit and white cane sugar.

Kia-Ora Squash is obtainable in bottles at 2/- and 1/1 each, Crush in handsome decanters at 2/-. A large bottle or decanter, with the addition of water or soda-water, makes 24 to 30 drinks.

By reason of its richness, Kia Ora Crush can also be used to delicious advantage for the flavouring of jellies, ices, fruit salads, and so on.

Sold by all Grocers, Stores, Wine Merchants, Chemists and Restaurateurs.

ENTIRELY BRITISH IN ORIGIN AND OWNERSHIP.

KIA-ORA
LEMON SQUASH OR ORANGE SQUASH

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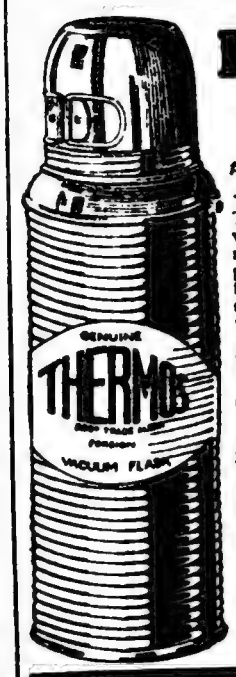


100 from packets of 10 | 50 from packets of 20

This is the latest model Thermos with the greater vacuum capacity, specially silvered bottle, with patent non-drip lip, highly finished aluminium top, screw cup and handle, with casing of fine enamelled metal. A gift you should not fail to get.

Simply collect the coupons (found generally at the back of every packet) of B.D.V. Cigarettes. When you have sufficient number of coupons post to :— GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD. (Gift Dept. 70), 54 White Lion Street, E. 1.

The Partnership Coupons now in B.D.V. Cigarette Packets are available in this Scheme.

F.1.

Lemonade from Luscious Lemons that's Eiffel Tower Lemonade

50 Million Lemons used yearly

Human Documents

A Dotard and a Dragon

Woman Who Won't Work—The "Red" Light—Youthful "Crimes"

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed

"MY father, a dear old man well over eighty, is being made very miserable towards the end of his long life, and I should be very grateful if you could give any advice that would enable him to end his days in peace.

"A few years ago he was living by himself in a small house. He had a spare bedroom and he let it to a woman a little younger than himself who was apparently homeless and seeking employment.

"She left twice to take domestic work, but each time there seemed to have been disagreement with her employers and she returned. While she was in the house she made a great fuss of my father and voluntarily set about cleaning up his little home, and in the end he married her.

"He had been married twice before, and no doubt it was his loneliness that led him into a third venture.

"I am sorry to say that his third wife has turned out to be a regular dragon and has led him an awful life.

"WITHIN a month she had induced him to allow her name to be put in the rent-book in place of his and had persuaded him to draw all his money out of the stores in which he had invested it.

"Although he has an income of between £2 and £3 a week, and she has the old-age pension, she cannot keep out of debt and has become involved with moneylenders.

"Besides draining him of money, she has deprived him of comfort and treated him almost worse than a dog. She has let his bedroom and made him sleep on a shake-down on the kitchen floor and eat his meals at the sink.

"He came to spend a few days with me a little while ago looking weak and ill and unburdened his heart to me. Before he left home, his wife handed him a note full of vituperation and vulgar insults.

"I have asked him to leave her and come and stay permanently with me so that I can make him comfortable, but the poor old fellow appears to be afraid of what his wife may do."

"HUMANIST" says: *I sometimes think that there should be a maximum as well as a minimum age for matrimony, for such marriages can scarcely be anything but a travesty of the nuptials of youth. Your poor father has evidently fallen into a trap set by a designing old harridan, but there is no law to compel people who are unhappily yoked to remain together. He is, of course, legally responsible for his wife's maintenance, but there is no reason why he should not come to you for peace and comfort.*

• • •

"I AM a widower nearing the allotted span. I have had a large family and all my children were well brought up, but they are now dispersed and I live by myself in lodgings.

A Female Slugard

"I am greatly perplexed to know what to do with one of my daughters. She is now a woman nearly forty years of age, but though she is physically and mentally quite normal, she has never tried to do any kind of work.

"I obtained a situation for her as a mother's help, but she refused to stay in it, and I have been compelled for a long time to pay about 30s. a week for her keep.

"As I am unable out of the pension which is practically my only source of income to support myself and pay this amount for her as well, I have made arrangements for her to be offered a home with a sister of mine, but this she has refused.

"She appears to be under the impression that she can legally demand to be maintained in idleness and pocket-money by myself and her brothers who are fairly well off, although she will do nothing for her own support.

"Can she sue me or her brothers for maintenance, or can she go to the relieving officer and get him to compel us to pay? Could I put her in any institution where she would be kept? Do you know of any?"

"HUMANIST" says: *You are not compelled to maintain your daughter unless she becomes chargeable to the guardians because she is destitute and unable to work, and her brothers have no obligation whatever in the matter. I do not know of any institution for lazy able-bodied women, and the sooner your daughter realises that she must work for her living the better. Stop sending her money; she seems to need the spur of hunger.*

• • •

"A YOUNG woman who lives near me is in a constant state of nerves owing to the fact that her husband, a railway signalman, seems to have become infected with Communism in its most virulent form.

Danger on the Line

"Day and night she has to suffer his violent ravings about the idle rich who, he says, get all the plums out of life, and his cursing of his own lot as a poor underdog who has to slave for a mere pittance and live in starvation and misery. As a matter of fact, he has quite a good job, which many men might envy.

"In one of his outbursts recently, he swore that he would soon do something terrible, something that would startle the country!

"His wife is in terror lest he should carry out his threat and cause a railway disaster, as he is in charge of a signal-box on a line often used by some of the highest in the land.

"For my part I think that generally speaking those who are so violent in their denunciation are too cowardly to put their malicious threats into action, but this young wife really fears the worst.

"She does not know whether her husband makes such violent threats outside, or whether it is only in the seclusion of his home that he gives the rein to his red rages, but she wonders whether she ought to report his terrible threats to his employers."

"HUMANIST" says: *If a man becomes so obsessed with a sense of grievance, whether real or imaginary, that he threatens reprisals which may endanger life, he must be regarded as either mentally unbalanced or criminally inclined, and such threats should be reported either to his employers or to the police, whether they are made openly or in secret.*

• • •

A Seaside Tragedy

A FORTNIGHT'S holiday by the sea is a pleasure to which many are now looking forward. Two weeks' work has brought tragedy to the home of a seaside reader whose distress you can relieve by sending a subscription to "The Greatest of These——" Fund.

(See page 38.)

"A FEW weeks ago I was discharged from the Army for misconduct. My 'crimes,' though numerous, were petty and there was no really serious charge against me during six years' service.

Drummed Out

"Being discharged in this manner deprived me of gratuity, and I was turned adrift with 10s. in cash and a railway warrant to London.

"I am all alone in the world except for an aged aunt on whose charity I am compelled to live, as unemployment benefit is naturally denied me and the character of my discharge bars me from re-enlistment or obtaining other employment.

"I have had a good education, and it seems hard that 'crimes' due more to thoughtlessness and youthful spirits than anything more serious should ruin my future life.

"Of course I could concoct a yarn to cover the last six years, for I have good references up to the time of my enlistment, but that would be a risky thing to do.

"It goes against the grain to be a burden on an old woman living on her life's savings and I would willingly do anything for a chance to pull round."

"HUMANIST" says: *It is difficult for me to advise you definitely without knowing the nature of the "crimes" for which you were discharged, but perhaps the best thing you can do is to have a talk with the local police-court probation officer. He may be able to arrange for you to be sent abroad where, at least, you will find plenty of hard work to keep you out of mischief.*

• • •

After Many Years

"Twenty-two years ago my husband deserted me and my child, and though I have never claimed maintenance from him, I live in fear lest he should turn up and claim my home. Could he do so?"

"Humanist" says: *I think you are needlessly distressing yourself. Even if your husband turned up after all these years you could protect yourself and your home by applying to the court for an order on the ground of his desertion.*

No Proof of Birth

"I have just discovered that my husband was not registered at birth, and, therefore, might find it difficult to prove that he is legally in existence, while all sorts of complications might arise after his death. What can be done?"

"Humanist" says: *After such a lapse of time the omission to register your husband's birth can only be rectified by authority of the Registrar-General at Somerset House, with whom you should communicate. Complications in the event of his death can probably be avoided by the production of other evidence of his age.*

Needy but No Pension

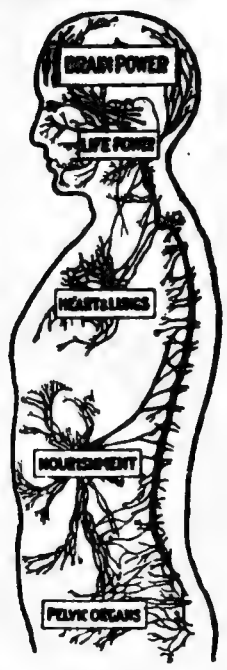
"I am a widow aged sixty-five. My husband, who died recently aged eighty, contributed to National Health Insurance until he was seventy. I am left in need. Am I entitled to a widow's pension?"

"Humanist" says: *The widow of an insured man who attained the age of seventy before January 4, 1926, and died after that date is not entitled to a pension unless she had a child under fourteen living at the date of her husband's death. This is one of many respects in which the Pensions Act appears to be in need of amendment.*

Stronger Nerves for All

25,000 7-DAYS' Trial Supplies of New Life Nerve-Nutrient with Remarkable 64-Page Illustrated Book

Free to JOHN BULL Readers



IS ordinary food failing us under the keen stress and strain of the Nervous Life of to-day!

On all sides we see and hear of all but the vigorously youthful questioning and "studying their diet."

Enrich your daily diet with this Leaven of New Life for the Nerves.

What is needed is a Leaven of New food Life for the nerves. Modern Science has discovered this rare element of concentrated nutriment in the "Muller Nerve Nutrient."

One tablet well masticated after each of the three principal daily meals enriches ordinary food with the rarer food elements required to keep the Nerves and Brain fit to cope with the greater demands made upon their powers to-day.

Who are the Victims of "Nerves"?

THE "Nervous" are the "thoroughbreds" of humanity. Highly organised and sensitive to strain, they willingly shoulder far greater burdens than their more animal-like brothers and sisters. They are the Standard Bearers of Humanity. They have the intellectual vision and the nervous sensitiveness that make them the Leaders of the Human Race. The unselfish champion the causes of their brethren. The more individually ambitious strive over for pecuniary profit and social advancement. Both the unselfish and the ambitious keep their eager and unresting nerves and brain ever at tension. Not for long will they allow any slackening of their Strings of Life. They work at all hours and neglect holidays. They pay the penalty of self-sacrificial over-work of their Nerves and Brain. More often than not, their Work is more to them than their Food and Rest. This disregard of the Law of Self-Preservation literally "frays" their Nerves, and causes a growingly serious leakage of their Nerve Force—with an accompanying failure to repair the undue wear-and-tear of the structure and energy-storing capacity of their Nerves.

Feed and Strengthen Your Nerves—That is the logical way to meet the tension of to-day, and save your Nerves from collapse and bankruptcy. *But Food is not always Nourishment.* Nerve-Cells must have Food that not only contains the elements essential for their reconstruction, but in a readily easy and quickly assimilable form. Such a Food is the Muller Nutrient, which is first, last, and always a special food for the upbuilding and maintenance of strong because sound nerve-tissue.

WARNING.—Tablets that are *swallowed* are drug medicines. The Muller Nutrient is a scientific Nerve Food — *eaten and masticated* like the most nourishing of ordinary foods.

"Nerve Power" GET IT.

Symptoms of Warning to All "Living on Their Nerves."

NERVE WEAKNESS has been aptly described as "The Mystery Disease with a Thousand Symptoms." It is important not to forget that those who are "Living on Their Nerves" are living on an ever-dwindling Nerve Capital.

The following Symptoms are Nature's Urgent Warnings to live more easily, or to Restore and Preserve the Nerve Capital in accordance with the Advice and Gift Offer in this Public Announcement:—

—**DEPRESSION**, or low spirits, with fluctuating or lack of interest in the little things that interest others.
—**LACK OF ENERGY**, with inability to stick at a job calling for continued effort—sudden feelings of exhaustion.
—**SUPER-SENSITIVENESS** in matters affecting self and the feelings—trifles irritate—desire to avoid meeting one's superior—self-torturing thoughts as to the opinions of others.
—**MIND-WANDERING** — forgetfulness—indecision—futile thoughts and thinking—fickle fancies.
—**BRAIN WEARINESS**—inability to concentrate mental powers on a subject or problem for any length of time, sudden failure to memorise names or facts or figures—weakness of will—lack of self-confidence and courage—desire to put off what should be done.
—**SLEEPLESSNESS**, or unrestful sleep—desire for sleep at odd times.
—**FAILING OR VARIABLE SIGHT.**
—**NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION**—fickle food and drink fancies and appetite—feeling of fulness or sleepiness after a meal—heartburn—palpitations—rumbling noises—wind—strange taste in mouth—varying sense or loss of taste.
—**LACK OF VITAL ENERGY**—no "let's up and be doing" urge and energy—feeling that others "have all the luck" in going ahead—half-hearted feeling about most things in life—no "fire" or vigour.
—**HAUNTING SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS** of inability to make the most of oneself and of others—secret self-depreciation whilst earnestly desirous of being at one's best on critical occasions.
—**HAUNTING FEARS AND FOREBODINGS** that paralyse one's powers to promote personal profit and progress ("Fain would I climb but that I fear to fall")—"What is there to live for?"
—**HOT AND COLD FEELINGS** at moments of excitement—fugitive neuralgic pains in various parts of the body—dull and heavy headaches—habit of self-questioning and fears as to health and future.

The foregoing are only a few of the "Self-Tortures" of those with "Nerves." Only too real to their sufferers, the latter get no sympathy from the robustly healthy, who regard "Nerves" as a mere disease of the imagination that can as easily be shaken off.

Special Gift Distribution for the Benefit of "John Bull" Readers.

QUICKLY AND LASTINGLY beneficial to Nerves-in-Need is the "Muller Nerve Nutrient." This Concentrated Food-for-the-Nerves has been adopted as a regular daily Nerve Food by thousands of persons in all parts of the world, simply on the personal evidences of its greatly helpful aid to their Nerves. Personal recommendation from one to another has played a far greater part than advertising in the present and ever-growing demand for and use of the "Muller Nerve Nutrient."

Because of this, the directors of the Muller Laboratories are undertaking a Public Gift Distribution of

25,000 7-DAYS' TRIAL BOXES with a 64-page Illustrated "Book of the Nerves."

A PERSONAL Test will prove to the satisfaction of every reader the simple and inexpensive "Muller Nutrient" way of food-building-up of the Nerves.

Let it be clearly understood that the "Muller Nerve Nutrient" is A FOOD FOR THE NERVES. It is not a drug stimulant or sedative. It does not "dope" the Nerves and Brain. It is "eaten," i.e., masticated like meat. Thus it feeds and builds up the nerves as ordinary food makes good the wear and tear of the muscle and other constituent parts of the body.

Just 2 "Safety-First" Ways for "Nerves."

THERE are TWO well-proved ways of conserving the health and easeful efficiency of the Nerves, namely:—

1. To "take things easy," so as not further to overtax the Nerves, or
2. To extra-nourish the Nerves with a larger proportion of their rarer reparative elements than can be extracted from ordinary food, and such as is now obtainable by the addition of "Muller's Nerve Nutrient" to the ordinary daily food.

If the reader is already troubled with "Nerves," the need for this extra-nourishment of the nerve structure and energy is an urgent duty to self.

A Free Personal Test.

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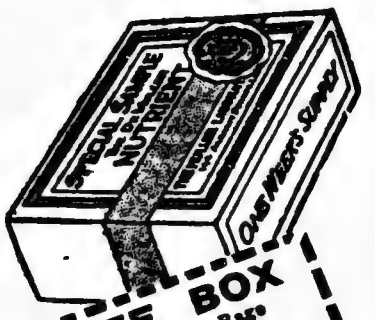

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Sirs:—I would like to try the "Muller Nerve Nutrient" and accept your Free Offer of a 7-Days' Trial Supply Box, with 64-page "Book of Nerves," for which I enclose 3d. stamps for postage to

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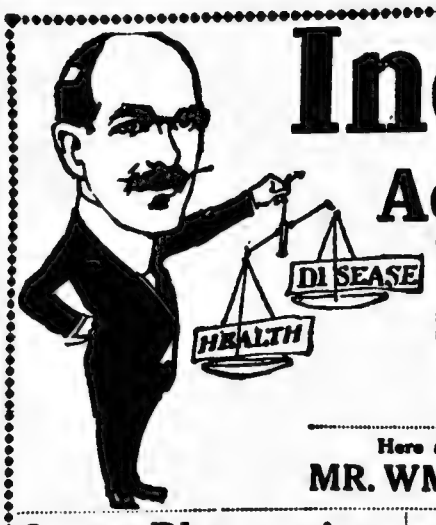
The Leaven of New Life and Strength for the Nerves. **3/- a Box. 3 Boxes in Package 6/-**



Indigestion, Gastritis,

Acidity, Flatulence, Sore Stomach.

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been aided by the following prescription:

Bismuth Carb. Soda Bicarb. Magnesia Carb. Carminatives—Aniseed, Peppermint, etc. In Tablets.

Known as Shadforth Prescription No. 1,077.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.
Prescribed by Physicians the world over.

BISMUTH soothes and heals the catarrhal surfaces of stomach and bowels. It is also absorbent. MAGNESIA is antacid. SODA BI-CARBONATE is antacid. ANISEED and PEPPERMINT act as carminatives.

This prescription is a non-purgative. Avoid fried, oily foods and excess of starchy foods for a few days. Dose—2 tablets before each meal. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. Sizes 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144). Where the Indigestion and Acidity is Exceptionally Uncomfortable and Painful, Special Prescription for Painful Dyspepsia, No. 15. Price 1/9 (72), 3/3 (144 tablets).

Here are other approved home remedies as prescribed by leading doctors and dispensed at reasonable prices by

MR. WM. SHADFORTH, Ph.C., Editor of "Health News," Author of "The Wealth of Health." Pharmaceutical Chemist. Highest Qualification, Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain.

Gout, Rheumatism,

SCIATICA, ARTHRITIS.

THE SHADFORTH "TRIPLEX" TREATMENT (No. 74/T)

comprises:

(1) A pill which drives out the uric acid. *Colchicum, Hyoscyamus, Blue Pill, etc.*
(2) A tablet which kills pain and reduces inflammation. *Aspirin, Phenacetin, etc.*
(3) A Rubefacient which stimulates the flow of blood and disperses the pain. *Mustard, Wintergreen, etc.*

This treatment is excellent for Neuritis, Arthritis, Sciatica, Backache, Lumbago, and similar pains.

Trial Course 5/6. Full Course 10/6. Double Course 20/-.

Loss of Weight,

THINNESS, SCRAGGINESS.

Thinness is never desirable. In the first place our personal charms and attractions are gone when we are thin and scraggy; in the second place insurance companies will not readily insure us—this means that thin people are more "risky" lives.

THE SHADFORTH SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT FOR THINNESS (No. 552/T)

comprises:

(1) Nerve and Flesh-forming Tablets. *Hyphophosphites, Lecithin, etc.*, to be taken with meals.
(2) A Skin Nourishing Cream. *Lanolin, Almond Oil, Benzoated Lard, etc.*, for massage purposes.
(3) Long Life Nourishing Malted Food. *Malted Milk Food, Lecithin, Glycerophosphates.*

Trial Course 6/-. Full Course 11/-.

Hæmorrhoidal Troubles,

or PILES (BLEEDING or BLIND)

THE SUCCESSFUL SHADFORTH "DOUBLE DUPLEX" TREATMENT (No. 294/DD)

comprises:

(1) A Soothing and Astringent Ointment. *Suprarenal Gland, Lanolin, Paraffin, etc.*
(2) Stimulant, Soothing and Tonic Suppositories. *Bismuth Iodo-Gallate, Resorcin, Zinc Oxide, etc.*
(3) Tonic Laxative Pills. *Cascara, Nux Vomica, Hyoscyamus, Gentian.*
(4) Tonic Antiseptic Bath Salts. *Soda, Borax, Pine, Eucalyptus, etc.*

Trial Course, 7/6. Full Course, 16/6.

For very mild cases the Ordinary or Single Duplex Treatment is often sufficient (No. 3 4/D). This comprises items (1) and (3) as above. Price 8/-.

Arterio-Sclerosis,

Blood Pressure Breakdowns Unnecessary.

Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries possible for middle-aged. Simple home treatment. Tension promptly reduced. Danger immediately avoided. Permanent restoration and cure.

THE SHADFORTH SUCCESSFUL "TRIPLEX" TREATMENT (No. 1108/T)

comprises:

(1) Artery Renewing Tablets. *Soda Salts with Magnesia Phosphate and Calcium Glycerophosphate,* taken for about 2 weeks and followed by—
(2) Blood Pressure Reducing Tablets. *Potassium Salts and Soda Nitrite,* taken for about 2 weeks.
(3) Neverill Old Salts. A good laxative dose twice or thrice weekly before breakfast.

Trial Course (1 month) 5/6. Full Course (3 months) 15/6.

Nerve Weakness,

NEURASTHENIA, HEART PALPITATION, BREAKDOWN.

THE SHADFORTH "DOUBLE DUPLEX" TREATMENT (No. 470/DD)

comprises:

(1) Phosphorus Brain and Nerve Tonic Tablet. *Phosphorus, Nux Vomica, Damiana, Lecithin.* To be taken for three or four days, followed by—
(2) Heart and Nerve Tonic Pills. *Digitalis, Nux Vomica, Dandelion, Gentian,* for three or four days. Keep repeating (1) and (2) alternately in this way, each for three or four days.
(3) Long Life Malted Cocoa and Nerve Food. (a) Always with supper. (b) With breakfast in preference to tea and coffee. (c) At intervals during the day.
(4) Night and morning douche face, head and chest with Pyncalyptus Bath Salts in water.

Eight days Trial Course, 8/3. Sixteen days Full Course, 9/-. Thirty-two days Double Course, 16/9

Backache, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gravel.

(Prescription 40.)

Buchu Extract ½ gr. Juniper Oil ½ drop. Venice Turpentine ½ gr. Bearberry Extract 1-3rd gr. Potassium Nitrate 1½ grs. Colchicum ½ gr. Capsicum ½ gr. Methylene Blue 1-5th gr. Copaiba Balsam ½ drop.

Price 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 5/6 (144 tablets). Pamphlet free on request.

Cold in the Nose

and Head, Catarrh, Influenza, Deadly Acute Nasal Catarrh, are promptly relieved by SHADFORTH TRIPLEX TREATMENT (No. 331/T).

The symptoms of Nasal Catarrh include a muco-purulent and offensive nasal discharge, incessant sneezing, sense of fullness of the nose, mouth breathing, nasal twang, frontal headache, defective taste and smell, watering of the eyes, dry throat deafness, hawking, etc.

NASAL CATARRH is often the first stage of BRONCHITIS, COLD ON THE CHEST, PNEUMONIA, THROAT, EAR AND LUNG TROUBLES.

Breathe through your nose, not through your mouth. Keep mouth and nose germ-free by the timely and regular use of this treatment, and dwell long in the land of the living. **The successful SHADFORTH Three-fold Method of Treating Nasal Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Coryza, etc., is as follows:**—(1) Cleanse the nose, mouth and throat with Nose and Mouth Wash Antiseptic Tablets, composed of *Borax, Phenol, Menthol, Thymol, Wintergreen, Sodium Bicarb., etc.* (2) Stimulate the resistive powers with Bronchial and Nasal Catarrh Pills, composed of *Pumgorin, Liquorice, Pine Tar, Creosote, etc.* Not for children under 12. Children use a special mixture instead of the pills—no change of price. (3) Soothe the inflamed membranes with Anti-Catarrh (Dr. Ferriar's) Snuff, composed of *Bismuth, Acacia, etc.*

The total cost of this treatment is 6/6 (3 times the quantity 12/6), and considering its efficacy and how often it will save a man being off work for days and weeks, the cost is very small in comparison.

TIRED, ACHING, AND PERSPIRING FEET. FOOT-BATH TABLETS.

(Prescription 525.)

Boric Acid, Alum, Permanganate of Potash, Oatmeal, Wintergreen.

Price 7½d. (25), 1/- (50), 1/9 (100), 3/- (300).

CORNS! CORNS!

(Prescription 801.)

Get rid of them with this. *Salicylic Acid, Resin Ointment, etc.*

With directions. Price 7½d.

ANÆMIA, PALLOR, LANGUOR, BLOODLESSNESS, CHLOROSIS.

(Prescription 365)

Useful for Anæmic brain-workers, either male or female.

Blaud Pill, Calc. Sulph., Alum, Manganese Citrate, Nux Vomica Extract, Lecithin. With directions. Price 2/- (72), and 3/6 (144 pills).

UNSIGHTLY SKIN, PSORIASIS, ECZEMA, ALOPECIA (Bald Patches). (Pres. 850.)

Mercury Perchl., Creosote, Zinc Ointment.

To be applied night and morning. Price 1/9 and 4/-

PREMATURE OLD AGE, Specialist's New Gland Treatment. (Pres. 1128)

Orchine, Cerebral, Spinal, Lymphatic Substances, with Glycerophosphates and Nux Vomica. For all forms of debility. With directions.

Price 2/6 (36), 5/6 (72), 12/6 (144 tablets).

TOBACCO, ALCOHOL, AND DRUG ANTIDOTE. (Prescr. 1,078)

Quassia, Peppermint, Sugar.

You cannot enjoy either tobacco, alcohol, or drugs, with one of these tablets in your mouth. Easily stops craving for tobacco till nightfall. Price 1/6 (50), 2/6 (100 tablets).

Complexion Troubles,

ACNE, PIMPLES, BOILS, SPOTS, Etc.

THE SUCCESSFUL SHADFORTH "TRIPLEX" TREATMENT (No. 442/T)

comprises:

(1) Tablets. A Blood Purifying and Skin Tonic composed of *Calcium Sulphide, Charcoal, Iron Sulphate, Nux Vomica and Gentian* in suitable proportions.
(2) Soap. A special 10 per cent. Milk of Sulphur Soap, delicately perfumed for washing the Skin and improving the complexion.
(3) Lotion. An Astringent Lotion which tones up, heals, and removes Blemishes from the Skin. Composed of *Zinc Oxide, Calamine, Rose Water, etc.*

Trial Course 6/-. Full Course 17/-.

VITAMIN-SUNSHINE.

The new compound for Anæmia, Debility, Rickets, Threatened Tuberculosis.

(Prescription 1063)

Malt, Marrow, Blood, Yeast, Chlorophyll, Phosphorus, Iron. In tablets with directions. For Adults or Children. Price 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

GASTRITIS, NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA.

(Prescription 784T)

Bismuth Carbonate, Sodium Bicarbonate, Rhubarb, Nux Vomica, Compound Cinnamon Powder.

Non-purgative, tonic, soothing. Known as the Wonderful Tablets.

Price 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 tablets).

CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION. (Pres. 2,000.)

Will relieve bilious attacks, sick headache, and some forms of bowel indigestion. Useful in the home as a gentle laxative.

Barbados Aloes, Cabsticine, Pure Olive Oil Soft Soap.

With directions. Price 1/3 (100) or 2/- (300 pills).

SORE THROAT, HAWKING, LARYNGITIS, TONSILITIS, &c.

(Prescription 1,064.)

Potassium Chlorate, Borax, Formalin, Tannin, Cinnamon, Eucalyptus.

Excellent for Public speakers and singers.

Price 9d. (36), 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144 tablets).

SLUGGISH LIVER, URIC ACID, KIDNEY TROUBLES. (Pres. 282)

Cubebs, Venice Turpentine Colchicum, Gravel Nut, Podophyllin, Copaiba, etc.

Useful for Constipation, Rheumatism, Bladder and Kidney Troubles.

Price 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills).

DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCE. (Prescription 882.)

Contains Nature's Digestive Juices.

Pepsin, Malt Extract, Diastase, Charcoal, Cascara Extract.

Non-purgative, promotes digestion and full nourishment.

In tablets. Dose: 2 with meals.

Price 1/6 (50), 2/9 (100 tablets).

FORCED MARCH TONIC.

(Prescription 468)

Will help you over the mile.

Nux Vomica, Lecithin, Coca, Damiana.

In pills. Price 2/6 (25), 5/- (50), and 9/- (100). With directions.

CRITICAL TIME, or "MENOPAUSE."

(Prescription 457.)

A useful Nerve & Stomach Tonic for nervous women.

Nux Vomica, Sulphate of Iron, Calcium Phosphate, Cinchona, Gentian.

With directions. Price 1/4 (72), and 2/6 (144).

BAD BLOOD TONIC FOR ACNE, PIMPLES, ECZEMA, SKIN ERUPTIONS, BLOOD IMPURITIES.

(Prescription 1,262)

A known, admitted, and approved remedy, registered in the Pharmaceutical Journal Formulary as Blood Purifier. Price 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), and 12/- (432).

DROPSY.

(Prescription 300)

An old and well-tried formula when heart, liver and kidneys are all at fault.

Squill, Digitalis, Calomel, Opium.

Price 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

With directions.

WRINKLES, CROW'S-FEET AND GREY HAIRS.

(Prescription 344.)

Gives remarkable results and improves health.

Potassium Hypophosphite, Phosphate, Bicarbonate and Citrate.

Price 1/6, 2/6, and 7/-. In tablets. With directions.

OX-GALL SOAP.

(Prescription 986.)

Compound of Pure Soap and Purified Ox-gall.

Used for massage purposes in Obesity. Rub thoroughly into the parts, and afterwards wash out with warm water. Massage well. Price 1/3.

Special HEART, NERVE and STOMACH TONIC.

(Prescription 632.)

Nux Vomica, Digitalis, Gentian, Dandelion.

Checks Palpitation and trembling.

Price 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills).

NEVERILL OLD SALTS.

(Prescription 565K)

The best Saline for Biliousness, Constipation, Disordered Stomach, Sluggish Liver, Bladder and Kidney Troubles, Gout, Rheumatism, Fevers, &c.

Sold everywhere, 7½d. per sample tin.

SLEEPLESSNESS, NERVE EXCITABILITY, (Prescription 32).

Better than Alcohol, Sulphonal, Veronal, or German Drugs. Does not form the drug habit.

Scullcap, Gentian, Valerian, Asafetida, Lupuline.

Price 1/6 (25), 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100 pills).

LUNG TONIC

(Pres. 228)

Creosote, Cinnamon, Bone Marrow, Lecithin, Phosphorus and Iodine.

Useful in combating lung weakness.

Price 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 12/- (432 tablets).

Pamphlet free on request.

ASTHMA. (Prescr. 516)

Strammonium, Camphor, Squill, etc.

Relieves the spasmodic cough and shortness of breath. Can be used in conjunction with other remedies.

Price 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills).

SCIATICA, NEURALGIA, NEURITIS, ARTHRITIS, and INFLUENZA.

(Prescription 263.)

Aspirin, Phenacetin, Dover's Powder.

Price 2/- (50), 3/6 (100 tabs.).

In extra painful cases use Special Cachets (No. 622A).

Price 3 - and 5/6.

ANTI-MOSQUITO CREAM.

(Prescription 109.)

Naphthalene, Absinth, Lavender, Camphor, Eucalyptus, Pennyroyal, etc.

Price 1/3, 2/- per tin. With directions.

WRINKLE CREAM.

(Prescription 20).

Benzoated Rose, Almonds, Tincture of Benzoin, Glycerine, Otto Violets.

With directions. Price 1/9 and 3/6.

BENZOIN WRINKLE SOAP.

(Prescription 929.)

Tightens up and beautifies the skin, useful for wrinkles scurf and shaving.

Price 1/ (3 tablets 2/9)

TIRED, ACHING, AND PERSPIRING FEET. FOOT-BATH TABLETS.

(Prescription 525.)

Boric Acid, Alum, Permanganate of Potash Oatmeal, Wintergreen.

Price 7½d. (25), 1/- (50) 1,9 (10), 3/- (100).

"GARLIFORM" ANTISEPTIC.

(Prescription 1,312.)

A Compound of Formalin, Glycerine, Garlic and Thyme. An excellent antiseptic for nose, mouth, throat, etc. in all forms of infection.

Price 1/6, 2/-, 5/6.

OBESITY, STOUTNESS, FLABBY LIMBS, CORPULENCY.

(Prescription 575.)

A successful treatment.

Extract of Seaweed, Potassium Iodide, Thyroid Gland, etc. Price 1/- (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills). With directions.

Any chemist who cares to book your order or deserves, your patronage can supply you with Shadforth Prescriptions, but the following are "Special Depots," in (A) London and the Home Counties.

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Any chemist can obtain these Medicines, or you can have them post free at the prices named (abroad extra) from

MR. WM. SHADFORTH, PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST, (Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.)

63 (J.B. 20), Grove Road, Bow, London, E. 3.

City Branch—49, King William St., E.C. 4. Cash on Delivery Fee Paid on Orders of 10/- and upwards.

Please mention "John Bull" June 25th, 1927, when replying to this advertisement.

Our Letter Parliament

The Voice of the People

An Official Secret—Press Jealousy—A New Brotherhood

MR. A. G. GARDINER'S opinion of JOHN BULL hits the nail on the head. I have been a reader for fifteen years, and I feel proud of it. In these days when so much "dope" is poured out by monopolised newspapers, it is all the more essential to support a fearless and common-sense journal with foresight like JOHN BULL. May the circulation still grow!—*Proud to Boast, Croydon.*

Upholding the Flag

Allow me as a man-in-the-street reader to congratulate JOHN BULL. In these days of bitter political antagonisms, it is imperative that the consideration of State policy must never hint at either Party bias or want of true patriotism. JOHN BULL has criticised all Parties and creeds on the first hint of injustice, but the old flag has ever been upheld with a passionate desire to keep it spotless and honoured.—*Pro Patria, Huddersfield.*

The Human Side

JOHN BULL—Big Boy! Big in circulation, in courage, in candour. Yes; but what of the great human side of our paper. Big in such a way as is no other paper. Humanity, divine sympathy, unfailing comradeship, a staunch, spontaneous readiness to spring to the aid of the underdog and sufferer! There are a million and more who stretch out a warm handgrip to JOHN BULL, Comrade.—*Anti-Cant, Carnforth.*

"More Power to Ye!"

As the enemy of abuses and dishonesty JOHN BULL has proved itself a power to be reckoned with. As a friend to the needy it has done nobly. It puts into trenchant phrase the thoughts of its readers at injustice, exploitation and evil wherever found. More power to all who have helped to make it the immense force for good it is!—*A., Birmingham.*

A "Flapper's" Tribute

When we girls (or should I say flappers and be more modern?) reach the age of twenty-one, we expect presents from all our acquaintances. JOHN BULL has reversed the order of things and has given to all its million-odd readers a splendid gift in this week's extra-special publication, a gift that will, as nothing else could, help to keep JOHN BULL'S twenty-first birthday in the memories of all its readers. —*G. A., Newcastle.*

Growing Better!

So you're twenty-one! I have known you since you were a squalling infant. Even in your early days you were a terror to evildoers, and a sure defence in the cause of righteousness. But you grow better as you grow older. Your championship of good causes, your plain speaking, your downright common-sense have made you invaluable.—*R. H., New Seaham.*

All the Best!

The many worthy congratulatory messages of so many notabilities are a testimony to the value of your paper. To have amongst your contributors all the best, amongst all shades of politicians and all shades of religious thought, is a tribute to the worth of the paper read in a million homes.—*H., Bolton.*

Villainy Tackled

Let me echo the wish expressed by Dr. Campbell, "May your power continue to grow." Of course, informative articles, such as "The Cure for Unemployment," and the life stories "In Sunshine Ward" are greatly appreciated; but no other journal tackles the underworld of villainy like JOHN BULL.—*J. L., Springburn.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Short and Sweet

As an ex-Service man let me thank you for the way you have assisted my comrades.—*S., Newburn.*

Safe Adverts.

JOHN BULL has ever been a friend of the poor in many ways. And when friends enquire of me concerning certain advertised goods, I tell them that if these are advertised in JOHN BULL there is no danger of fraud.—*F. E. H., Wrexham.*

Real Religion

Twenty-one and as young and fresh as ever! Twenty-one and displaying the wisdom and balance of ripe experience! May JOHN BULL long continue to carry on the lines of Tom Paine's, "The world is my country, mankind is my people, and to do good is my religion."—*F. L., Stoke.*

What "Freedom"

Much has been written and said regarding the freedom of the Press, but invariably the organs controlled by the combines refuse to print any views in opposition to their own. All honour is due to JOHN BULL for daring to speak fearlessly on national and international questions.—*N., Durham.*

Strange Economy

In 1915, when war was on, the Navy cost £53,000,000 per year to maintain. To-day, with no war on, it costs £58,000,000! And this in spite of the wholesale dockyard discharges to "effect economy." No wonder the taxpayer groans.—*A. L. M., Deptford.*

The Rent Ramp

If immorality and other evils traceable to housing shortage are insufficient evidence of the need for action by our legislators here is another reason to ponder. We are told to "Buy British" and help trade. If I, as a working man, could secure a house at reasonable rent, I could spend at least 6s. per week more with tradesmen. 50,000 houses at 10s. per week would release at least £780,000 yearly, now paid to landlords, for use in buying household needs.—*Experience, Berks.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-Crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"CANNOCK ADVERTISER": — "His brother, he said, had been to Wallasey for the week-end, and THIS had caused the car to skid."

"ABERTILLERY WEEKLY ARGUS": — "The bridesmaids all wore dresses of PALE WHITE silk, with hats to match."

"CARMARTHEN JOURNAL": — "The retail price of a sack of bran was 8s. 9d., with 5d. for the sack, making a TOTAL of 8s. 2d."

"DAILY EXPRESS":—"Wanted, smart young lady, age about 24, as saloon barmaid; WAGES £25 P.W., comfortable home."

"ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS":—"JOHN W——, gravedigger, Newhills, WIFE of the previous witness, also spoke to reclamation work and improvements on the farm and buildings."

"SUNDAY EXPRESS": — "He faced without a grumble serious loss; the takings FELL immediately from £500 to £70J a week when he fell ill."

A Hidden Boon

Once again JOHN BULL has filled the breach with Mr. E. Roffe Thompson's article, "Well I'm Blest." I have been insured nearly five years, and although I have questioned scores of friends I have yet to meet one who is aware of the G.P.O. Insurance. Why the secrecy? Perhaps the Postmaster-General will arrange to broadcast the article as a "talk."—*Satisfied, Manchester.*

Press Silence

The newspapers generally seemed pleased to report the trial and conviction of Josephine O'Dare. But I failed to notice that any one of the papers mentioned the undisputed fact that it was JOHN BULL, and JOHN BULL only, that saw from the beginning that Josephine was a fraud, and, what was more, said so plainly. I think they must feel rather small just now, seeing how badly they themselves were hoaxed.—*J., London.*

"J.B." Brotherhood

We have hundreds of leagues and brotherhoods in Britain, but what I should like to see formed is a JOHN BULL Brotherhood. In my humble sphere, I have heard of several cases where JOHN BULL has righted wrongs. In one case a fellow-worker wrote to JOHN BULL *re* his pension which had been cut. He not only had it restored in full, but he also had a large sum refunded to him. Cannot all the enthusiastic readers unite?—*W. F., Portsmouth.*

Real Risk

It seems strange that the value of preventive measures in guarding against illness is being so loudly preached, and yet sick persons are herded together in a small, stuffy room whilst waiting their turn to see the doctor. Many may have an infectious complaint that they are unaware of.—*G. G. G., Norwich.*

Peace Party

The "brass hat" section of the British Legion has recently decreed that that organisation will not enter into Party politics. Surely history and experience of Party politics has shown the necessity for a Party determined to stamp out war, and the British Legion should be the nucleus of that Party.—*J. T. J., Belfast.*

Britain for the British

This country is being overrun by aliens while Englishmen are informed that there is no room for them here, and advised to try the colonies. Then, again, many of the aliens who flock here are undesirables, a trouble to the police and a burden to the taxpayer. This country should accept no more foreigners for at least five years.—*Ex-Service, Middx.*

Save the Kiddies!

If it is right for policemen to arrest women for soliciting, it is doubly right for women police to patrol the districts and keep at bay the vile male beasts who prowl around unfortunate women. Women police are worth their keep if it is only to prevent little children from the attentions of human fiends in parks and similar places.—*J. H., Lancashire.*

"Sweep" Farce

The names and addresses of prize-winners in various big sweepstakes have been published recently, and it is obvious that several of these individuals could not be members of the clubs responsible. Prizes in Stock Exchange Sweepstakes have been won by individuals who have no connection whatever with the Stock Exchange, yet the authorities take no action. What a disgusting farce it all is. —*E. B. W., Jersey.*

DELICATE GIRLS NOT WANTED.

The delicate girl is out of date. Pallor, languor and fainting attacks have ceased to be interesting. The pale, delicate girl to-day is at a disadvantage in every way, for neither in the business world nor in matrimony is she desired.

Girls, you owe it to yourselves to encourage the bloom of health, the figure and carriage of a full-blooded system. You know how prone you are to become anæmic, especially after some slight indisposition. You know how seriously anæmia affects both your health and beauty, and how, if neglected, it may lead to a decline. You cannot afford to trifle with such troubles, so fill your veins with new, good blood by taking Dr. Williams' pink pills, and so banish anæmia at once. You will thus protect yourself against weakness, keep your health regular, dispel headaches, palpitation and backache, and gain the vigour and bloom of complete health.

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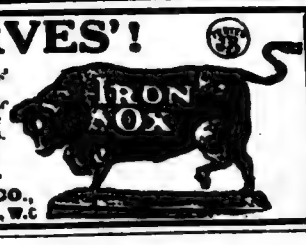

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WINNERS FOR NEWBURY

A Wonderful Ascot — Lesson of the Hunt Cup — Apelle One to Follow — The Newbury Cup—Abbot's Speed or Seradella?

THE most glorious Ascot on record accurately sums up the recent Royal meeting. Wonderful weather, a heavily-backed winner of the Royal Hunt Cup, a British victory in the Gold Cup—in fact the only British-owned horse in the field of eight runners—and plenty of favourites rolling home. What more could any one want?

I WAS unlucky with my Hunt Cup selection, Inca, as it was only at the eleventh hour that Mr. Reid Walker decided not to run the mare. However, writing well in advance of racing, I am always up against decisions of that nature.

IN my summing up I stated that I hated to pass over Apelle, Asterus and Orbindos. In this group I had the first and fourth—with scarcely half a length between them—and two non-runners.

THE general opinion seems to be that although the French horse only won by a neck it was an easy victory. I do not share that view. Apelle was the unlucky horse of the race. He started slowly and had about a dozen lengths to make up after the horses crested the hill. He was fast overhauling the leaders at the finish, but wanted another furlong. I think the Italian crack will be pretty hot for the Cambridgeshire. Don't forget that he is in the Twelve Pointer stable.

THE French importation, Incitatus II., second to Duke of Buckingham in the Ascot Stakes, ran well enough to justify the warning I have already given about him, and my French Correspondent reminds me that, like all the sons and daughters of Nimbus, this one is likely to give his best with going heavy enough to impose a severe test of stamina. He had been stopped in his work by the hard ground prior to running at Ascot, and the form will be improved on when training conditions are more favourable.

AFTER the storm the calm. Following on Ascot, Windsor was not very inspiring This week the fare is not Royal, but it is good. I shall leave the "Pitmen's Derby" to the code selections and tackle the Newbury and Sandown Park problems.

Fred Darling, the trainer of Abbot's Speed and Seradella

THE big race of the week, of course, is the Newbury Summer Cup. If Dark Japan and Colorado had not substantial penalties to shoulder I should hesitate at the names. As it is, they must share the fate of the unlucky little nigger boys. I think the race is good for one of Fred Darling's pair, Seradella and Abbot's Speed.

THE colt and the mare are in different ownership so it is quite likely that both will run. In this event I am inclined to follow Seradella. She ran a good race against Dark Japan in the Manchester Cup and was obviously second best, although she finished just behind Pantera.

ABBOT'S SPEED has been out three times this season. He beat a fine "Jubilee" field and was desperately unfortunate to be pipped by Friar Grey at Lingfield. Both these races were over a mile-and-a-quarter. In the Newbury Cup the horses have another two furlongs to go and I fancy the distance will be more suitable to Seradella.

LOWER down the handicap Hercules catches the eye. Hercules was in the obituaries recently, but the son of Son-in-Law is very much alive. I do not think he presents much danger, although the last horse I recollect to earn notoriety in this way not only ran but won. He is still in the land of the living, and is blessed with the name of Murky Past. Poor beast!

ETTINGTON should be given another chance in the Berks Selling Handicap, and I like the lightly-weighted Stasiarch in the Empire Stakes. Lord Howard de Walden's gelding started a red-hot favourite last time out. He was beaten by the distance. He should be all right over six furlongs.

SANDOWN Park and Haydock Park share the week-end racing. Of the two meetings Sandown offers the better prospects of paying the butcher's bill. On the opening day make a note of All's Blue and Fernkloof. On Saturday we have the popular June Rose Handicap.

IN this event I am tempted to take a chance with Sir Walter Gilbey's Burnside. The four-year-old has been on the shelf since the Queen's Prize, but I know that there is a good race waiting for him. In the Kempton race he did well to finish fifth as he was badly hampered.

IT pays to back a good two-year-old until he or she is beaten, so enter Stadacona in your note-books. She may have been a trifle lucky to beat the King's filly, Scuttle, in the Queen Mary Stakes, but Ascot is not the best track for her. She will do better still on flat courses and may develop into a smasher.

I HAVE tipped the Irish Derby winner in these notes on several occasions, and I hope my luck holds with Knight of the Grail. The colt could not live with Call Boy, Hot Night and Co. in the Derby, but he ran well for a mile and ultimately finished seventh. His race at Ascot, when he was just pipped by Sundry, showed that he is still cherry ripe. Sir Delves Broughton's horse should be returned at a fair price.

BARLING, the clever Newmarket trainer, has at least one money-spinner every season. Unless I am making a big mistake, this year's little gold mine is Inscrutable, who beat a first-class field of handicappers recently at Manchester. Young Caldwell, who always rides, did the hat-trick on the four-year-old last season.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail, Leeds Mid-day Sporting Special, Birmingham Mail.

K T P V G L 3 S Q F N A U D

X E Z W O R C B M I 2 Y H J

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be. IGKRYV would read FOXLAW.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, June 22, to Tuesday, June 28.

Hot Dogs to Follow

THE ever-increasing number of tracks in the country has resulted in an addition to the various kennels of dogs, who, once they become accustomed to the altered conditions of racing, should not be missed, especially in the lower classes.

NOTHING, however, is more certain than that Mr. H. Reuben's Arrow Trout is the best hurdler running to-day, and he has definitely established supremacy over other capable rivals, including Mr. D. A. Cosson's Be Sporty.

AT the White City there are four dogs that should be followed very closely. These are Hangar, Mistley, Dr. Mutt, and Mighty, all of whom have gained successes on other tracks. The former, a Waterloo Cup winner, has one of the best styles we have yet seen, and is workmanlike in all he does.

MR. W. HENDERSON'S King's Path, that has run 600 yds. in 34 secs., Miss Alice Persival's Havoc, and the Hon. Margaret Ruthven's Matchless will all win a big race ere long.

Read the

NEW SPORTING LIFE

Two Pence Daily.

AND of those who have just commenced their careers Mr. G. Smith's Roman Water looks "the goods." Well bred and possessed of considerable speed, this dog should have a successful future.

THE atmosphere connected with track racing is, of course, different to that of the open air, and, at first, this may make a difference.

BUT it will be surprising if Wee Terror, owned by Mrs. Rose, of London, Mr. E. Acaire's bitch Lady Mary, from the Liverpool district, Mr. Williams' dog Lightfoot, a Welsh animal, and Mr. E. W. Bradley's Tired Tim, from the Birmingham area, do not make good in the best company.

SEVERAL JOHN BULL dogs have already won important events, and we expect such others to do so as Mr. C. S. Laxton's Ganneymede and Orange Girl, Mrs. A. W. Handy's Gipsy Love, and Mr. Stanisforth's Holocaust.

GERONTES, owned by Mr. W. Griggs, is capable at any time of putting up an exceptional performance on the flat, while Miss A. Worthington's Docks Pit has yet to reveal how fast it is. In fact, Docks Pit would appear a good investment whenever it runs.

SUCH recent winners as Master Mike, owned by Mr. H. Bronsby, Tangleyoney, the property of Messrs. W. Doyle and Williams, and Mr. Jack Barton's Dick from Pert, should never be neglected, even in the best company.

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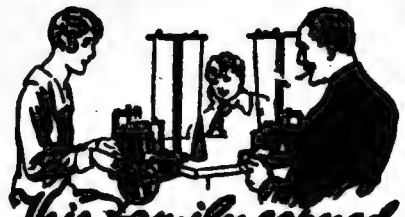

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Please Write Clearly.

J.B.,25.6.27.

JOHN BULL Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

* * *

J. G. (Penge).—"Do people often jump off the Monument?" Only once.

S. M. (Surbiton).—"The people next door are very neighbourly." You've evidently got a good lawn-mower.

T. B. (Bradford).—"I always take a return ticket to race meetings." That is wise. You never know, you know.

G. M. (Highgate).—"He called me a wicked old scoundrel." And judging by your handwriting you are quite young.

Miss O. (Exmouth).—"Your last issue caused my heart to beat faster." Good. We're noted for sending up circulation.

NETTA (Felixstowe).—"I wish Providence had made me a man." Perhaps it has, Netta, only you haven't met him yet.

MRS. A. (Waterford).—"A woman likes to have the last word." And 99 per cent. of all the words which preceded it.

MRS. L. (Wigan).—"The lovely weather makes one feel like dancing." So off you go on a series of frockstrots we suppose.

L. Y. (Cheam).—"A stage dancer I know has insured her legs." They are covered with something, then.

C. M. (Selhurst).—"The same things are essential for all, whatever the walk of life." Boots!

MRS. B. (Sandy).—"What is considered to be the most curious thing in the world?" A woman who isn't.

F. H. (Dorking).—"Clever men make the best husbands." On the contrary, clever women make the best husbands.

MRS. E. (St. Albans).—"Good clothes make some women." And others make good clothes.

HANNAH (Newport).—"He has such a funny moustache it always makes me laugh." It tickles you, in fact.

T. R. U. (Teignmouth).—"My son costs me two guineas extra for Greek." Some sons cost more than that for Scotch.

MRS. F. (South Kensington).—"Every workman ought to have felt slippers." And probably has, when young.

MISS W. (Lincoln).—"He takes no heed at all of those left behind in the struggle." He must be a 'bus conductor.

MRS. F. (Hampstead).—"What can I do to prevent bad language being used in my family?" Sell the golf clubs.

DORIS (Wivenhoe).—"I am one of eight sisters." How many did you expect to be?

T. Y. (Salisbury).—"Have you heard the story of the Scot who forgot his change?" No, and it isn't true.

D. P. (Bolton).—"I'd like to start a newspaper. What are the first things to do?" Get news and paper to put it on.

TO suffer in silence may appear brave, but it is foolish nevertheless, because unnecessary. Break your silence and send details (written in ink) of your trouble to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope. Skilled opinion will be given you, and you need no longer suffer—in silence or otherwise.

A. B. (Norbiton).—"I fancy you'll publish the enclosed article." Fancy!

MRS. G. (Morecambe).—"I'd like to catch my husband flirting." But isn't that how you did?

H. J. (Kendal).—"What did you think of my pamphlet on insomnia?" It completely cured ours.

"INQUISITIVE" (Leeds). — "Bluntly, how old are you?" Frankly, older than we have ever been before.

G. C. (Southampton).—"You don't seem able to follow me." That's because we always lead.

MRS. B. (Ipswich).—"She always turns round to stare after I pass her." How do you know?

MRS. F. (Shields).—"A wise man will always agree with his wife." And then do as he likes.

G. N. (Battle).—"Beer sometimes causes trouble." And there's more brewing.

J. H. (Hertford).—"Nobody likes mosquitoes." Many people slap them on the back, however.

N. C. (Finsbury).—"Is there anything to hinder me writing to you twice a week?" We're afraid not.

BESSIE (Wolverhampton).—"He held me tight in his grasp." That was a disgraceful condition for you to be in.

T. K. (Chelsea).—"She told me how old she was." But did she tell you when she was that particular age?

L. B. (Ramsgate).—"The boat he made actually had no rudder." That's a stern necessity.

ALICE (Hardham).—"I found a quaint little cove on my holiday at the seaside." Have you met him since?

F. M. (Chertsey).—"He never lets his right hand know what his left is doing." We've heard the piano played like that.

S. C. (Lancaster).—"Scientists have proved that kissing shortens life." So now we know the most agreeable form of suicide.

MOLLY (Coniston).—"Dad has made a flower garden of the only bit of ground suitable for tennis." Dad evidently prefers horticulture to husbandry.

MRS. L. (Peckham).—"Half the world is ignorant of how the other half lives." Which proves you don't live in a garden village.

T. W. (Whyteleafe).—"'Do right and fear no man' is a good motto." And "Don't write and fear no woman" is a better.

P. J. (Camden Town).—"I always feel so sorry for the monkeys in the Zoo." Such fraternal sympathy is greatly to your credit.

J. N. (Box).—"I see a young man has been arrested for masquerading in feminine attire." We suppose he was spotted as he did not look mannish enough

SPORT (Epsom).—"The horse I backed to win when he got to the tape turned and ran the other way." You should have backed it both ways.

W. T. (Canonbury).—"I know quite a middle-aged woman who wants to be an actress." Queer that she should want to go on just as she's going off.

G. M. (Hove).—"My girl never smokes in public." How conspicuous!

A. Y. (Belmont).—"I love to sit by the sea absorbing it all." What a thirst!

A. B. (Hoxton).—"I got a fright." Well, well. Marriage is always a lottery.

H. M. (Brighton).—"I call my car by a pet name." Any paint blistered yet.

G. G. (London, N.).—"She has no troubles to speak of." Then we bet she's miserable.

BERTIE (Mayfair).—"I bought myself a pair of heliotrope suspenders and braces to match." Oh, you Sheik!

EVA (Bedford).—"Men don't like nervous girls." Remember this, and think before you squeak.

V. B. (Bristol).—"I can write with either hand." It's a pity you don't use your head as well.

F. G. (Lewes).—"The successful movie actress of to-day has plenty of scope." And husbands.

D. L. (Bolton).—"We wandered home at two in the morning singing 'Eat More Fruit.'" Canned?

M. L. (Kew).—"She said she wouldn't marry me for the present." Then give her another.

"F. M. (Brixton).—"I'm leaving this particular street." It's evidently a very particular street.

L. R. (Radford).—"I am keeping an eye on your paper." Thank goodness we're not nervous.

MOLLIE (Brentford).—"I want an aeroplane honeymoon." On the principle that another little risk won't do you any harm?

H. M. (Dover).—"Will you say exactly what you think of the enclosed article?" It's—— No, we daren't.

A. C. J. (Kennington).—"To live without working is the ideal of all professional thieves." Yet at times most of them do hard labour in the end.

C. J. (Lewisham).—"'Tay Pay' is quite right when he says that 'great fortunes demand great deeds.'" Followed by great wills.

H. L. (Crewe).—"I called him an outrageous, unblushing liar and he struck me on the chin." Did that make you hold your jaw?

A. J. (Iver).—"If people had more common-sense there wouldn't be so many unhappy divorces." Or unhappy marriages.

"DISILLUSIONED" (Dorchester).—"Before we were married, she told me that no one made pastry like hers." And now, it seems, she's proved it.

F. A. (York).—"I dreamed I was married, then the chimes woke me up." That's better than dreaming you were single and having the twins wake you up.

MISS V. (Tower Hill).—"When I asked the attendant which was the Bloody Tower, he seemed quite surprised." Yes; they are very particular about their language.

K. R. (Sleaford).—"He induced me to buy six acres of ground by falsely representing that it was productive soil." And now you find yourself a landed proprietor.

A. V. W. (Ewell).—"I regard you as my intellectual equal." That's a very nasty thing to say.

MISS T. (Wanstead). — "On what grounds do you take exception to my proposal?" Because we're married.

B. T. (Byfleet).—"Money talks." Few people are bored by it, though. It doesn't stop long enough.

MISS V. (Shoreditch).—"I lost nothing at Ascot because I put nothing on." Tut, tut!

G. H. (Barrow).—"My eldest son is a wastrel and I shall leave him nothing." Total eclipse of the son!

MRS. C. (Keighley).—"Every woman has her price." And she is very seldom worth it.

S. K. (Cheltenham). — "Women's fashions are to be less extreme." Hope you don't mean extremely less.

D. S. H. (Plymouth).—"Her father objects to kissing." But why do you want to kiss her father?

A. H. V. (Workington).—"Where can I get a cheap holiday?" On page 39. There's room for seventy on this week's *Bullets* Holiday train. Don't miss it!

J. B. (Highgate).—"He called me an insolent puppy, but I married his daughter just the same." And what are you now? A lucky dog?

MISS K. (Dulwich).—"I *do* like your *excellent* paper. I read it *every* week with *so* much enjoyment." Oh, *thank* you. We are encouraged to bring out *another* issue *next* week.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

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"The Greatest of These . . . ."

Sorrow by the Sea

The Fortnight that Brought Tragedy

MOST people pass the early months of the year in pleasurable anticipation of a joyful fortnight to be spent by the sea, two weeks which will serve to set them up in health for the rest of the year's humdrum duties.

In a south coast holiday resort February, March and April passed slowly for one family however, for the wage-earner was out of work. May proved the month that raised their hopes high, for at last a job was found.

You can imagine with what pleasure the wife filled the tea-can that had remained empty for so long and prepared the frugal meal that would sustain her husband until he returned at night; with what light-hearted laughter the children (there are five of them) scampered off to school, feeling that the lean days were over now daddy was at work.

So a fortnight passed merrily and then came unexpected tragedy enshrouding with sorrow that little home by the sea.

ONE day father returned in a state of collapse and was found to be dangerously ill with pneumonia. For weeks his struggling spirit has hovered between life and death and he is still in bed.

With so long a period of unemployment preceding his fortnight's work, there was, of course, no reserve of resources to meet such a calamity and mother and children are now suffering through want of food.

This is just an everyday instance of the distress which afflicts honest, hard-working folk who at the best of times live only just above the poverty line.

Those of our readers who are looking forward to a fortnight by the sea may find a special pleasure in contributing to "The Greatest of These——" Fund, so that brightness may be brought to this house of sorrow.

The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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Soldier's Wife (Bournemouth), 1s.; Inasmuch, 10s.; A. E. W. (W.3), 2s. 6d.; Tobins, 2s.; Anon. (Nottingham), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Plythe, 1s.; Anon. (St. Helens), 1s.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; R. B., 6d.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; Mrs. Brennant (Derwen), 7s. 6d.; H. & M. T.'s Weekly Pennies, 2s.; E. S. B., A Thankoffering, 2s. 6d.; H. Foster (Manchester), 6d.; Agnes, 2s.; Doreen, 6d.; E. M. O., 6s. 8d.; A. Watson (Torquay), 10½d.; B Joces (Doncaster), 1s.; S. Blatch (Doncaster), 5s.; A Friend, 2s 6d.; M. Gooch (Bchington), 1s.; Mr. Cosburn (Whitstable), 1s. 6d.; W. Tarbottom (Leeds), 2s.; Thankful (Upminster), 1s.

Parcels of clothing have been received from Mrs. Bamford (Middle Hill), A. C. Noller (Southwold), T. G. Newton (Tottenham), Mrs. B. Farbridge, Mrs. F. Haynes, Dorothy (S. Croydon), Mrs. R. Bushnell, Reader of "John Bull" (Greenhithe), C. J. G. (St. Helens), Anon., Mrs. G. M. Evans (Shiel y), Mrs. Alec Smith, Anon., Mill House (New Romney), Mrs. Dunbar (Belchford), Mrs. F. Boswell, Mrs. Sydney (New Malden), F. Kemp (Crowborough), Miss Crane, Mr. and Mrs. Skinner (Reading), Mrs. L. Jenkin (Greenhithe), Mrs. Coombes (Bridgwater), Push-Chair and Clothing; Mrs. L. Johnson (Manningtree).

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

This week's Cross-word Puzzle is on page 2.

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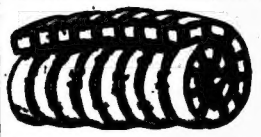

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WIN A 'BULLETS' HOLIDAY!!

FIRST PRIZE

£250

£50 | £25

20 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £6

50 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5 EACH

100 PRIZES OF 10/- 200 OF 5/- 500 OF 2/6 6,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 640.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:

Mr. H. MARTELL,
20, Orient Buildings, Hercules Road Lambeth, S.E.

Example :—Bit By Bit
Bullet : — Yard — Mile — Channel — Atlantic.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. O. MASON, 10, Ashford Road, Maidstone.
Example :—Better Work
Bullet :—"Patching" Quarrels, Train Soldiers.

THIRD PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. R. BURTON, 142, Crescent Road, Sneinton.
Example :—Put Off
Bullet :—"Rainy Day"—"Shining" Yourself.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £15:

Mr. T. THOMAS, Pentyla, Penlan Road, Trebeath.
Example :—What Her Father Said
Bullet :—"Not Out'l How's That?"

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:

Mrs. R. H. DAVIES, 21, Park Avenue, Coventry.
Example :—What Is A Cat?
Bullet :—Lover Would Doesn't Love.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

N. Barron, 38, Howlish View, Coundon, Co. Durham.
Easy Way—Recruiting Finances, Disbanding Armies.

E. Cadwallender, Fifth Row, Choppington,
I Like—Work—Doctor's Forbidden It.

Miss Ditchfield, 8, Duke Street, Wigan.
Bit By Bit—Stammerer Wanted A Bitter.

Miss I. Duke, 74, Chancellor Street, Glasgow.
What Is A Cat?—"Enemy" Dodging Pacifist's "Artillery."

Mrs. C. A. Dunn, 47, Church Street, Davenham,
What Her Father Said—"You'll Repent *In Hoste!*"

C. Hall, 48, The Gardens, Peckham Rye, S.E.
After Eight—Father's Reckless—Pussy's Careful.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon).

T. Harrison, Thorncroft, Barmby Road, Pocklington.
Too Late—Ploughing, When Bombs Dropping.

A. Jolly, Claremont Lodge, Broughty Ferry.
A Poser—Once Atlantic—Now Crowds.

H. Milnes, 24, Drewry Lane, Derby.
She Complains—Policeman Let Fire-engine. Pass.

Mrs. M. H. Watkins, 109, Park Road, Cwmpark,
Bad Friends—After Lending—Or Declining.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Mrs. A. Buckley, 9, Lower Hope Street, Halifax.
Put Off—"Clouts" When World's *Cooler.*

W. Gibson, 3, Stanley Street Close House.
Thoughtfully—Airman Named Machine "Price."

J. Jackson, 96, Rusholme Road, Ardwick Green
After Eight—False Alarms—Firemen "Blazing."

R. MacPherson, Remandy, Glendevon, Dollar, N.B.
Bit By Bit—Conversation—Discussion—Argument—Fights.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon).

G. T. Neville, 41, Elsinore Road, Forest Hill, S.E.
For Dinner—The Cat That Chews.

C. A. Powell, 7, Sussex Place, Cheltenham.
Refusing Him—Admission, Better Than Deporting.

J. W. Snowdon, 16, Dene View, Wallsend-on-Tyne.
Name For Baby—The Last "Word," Father's.

Mrs. L. Steele, 111, London Road, Chesterton, Staffs.
After Eight—The Remainder—Modern Dance.

W. H. Wilson, "Belmont," Field Lane, Burton-on-Trent.
Poor Return—Lansbury's Fidelity—Bolshevik's Kiss.

E. Wolf, 31, Barbican, London, E.C.
Bit By Bit—"John Bull" Converting World.

(Continued on page 41)

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 642.

HOLIDAY FOR ME
BY AEROPLANE
IN HER CASE
THE RUSSIANS
AXE TO GRIND
SAID TO THE LANDLADY
QUEER FISH
WITH A PUNCH
DISARMING
DANGER AHEAD
MAN SHE JILTED
IN FASHION
NOISILY
WHAT THE CAPTAIN SAID
OLD LOVE
RUN FOR HIS MONEY
TEMPTING
AFTER SUCCESS
IN HIS PLACE
A DELUSION
NOT PAID YET
HER ARGUMENT
TOGETHER
MAKING THINGS DIFFICULT
A BREAKDOWN
SHE LOVES
IN THE WATER
SENSELESS
NEVER FORGIVEN
LAWYER'S ADVICE
INCREASING
WHAT IS A LESSON?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

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THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this. Select any of the Examples below—then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Three recent Bullets Prize-Winners were :—

Example :—What Is A Vote? *Bullet* :—"Secret"—But "Everybody's Business."
Example :—Worth Watching *Bullet* :—Manager—When Revue Isn't.
Example :—Silly Ass *Bullet* :—Letting Moneylender Supply "Oats."

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Address Coupons to "Bullets" No. 642, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Comp.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 30.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(642) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 30.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(642) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 30.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(642) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 30.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(642) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

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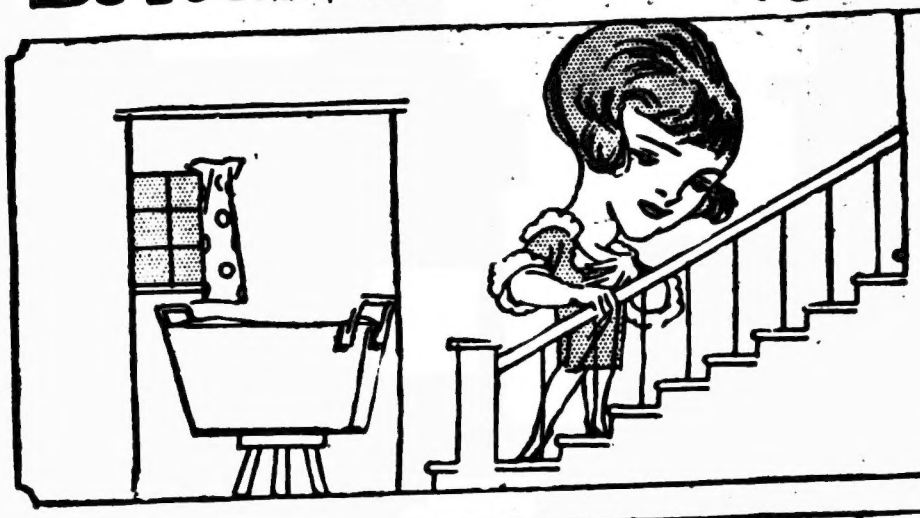
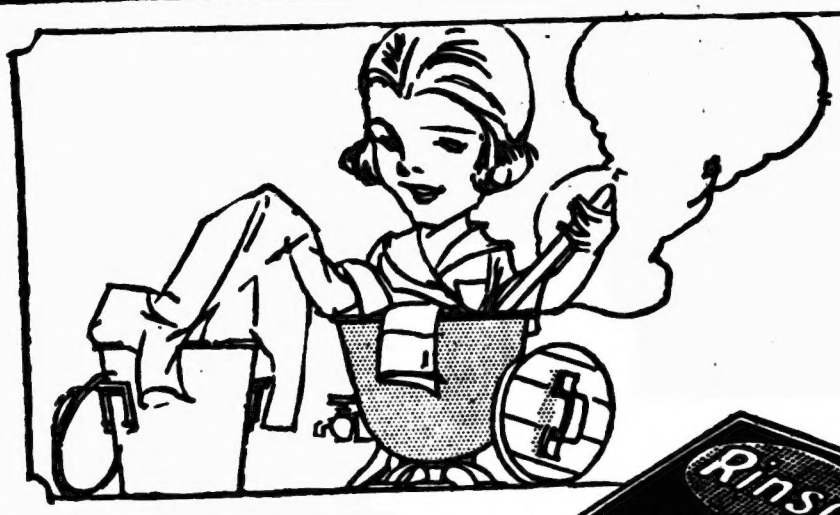


1. Mrs. Jones is rather delicate. Heavy work tires her easily, so she takes advantage of the fact that Rinso and cold water will do the washing overnight.

2. Mrs. Brown is healthy and strong and likes to do things herself, but she also likes to save time. With Rinso and hot water she soon has the washing out of the way.



3. Mrs. Robinson is neither delicate nor specially strong, but she believes in saving energy, and you will find her on washday leaving a lot of the work to the boiler and Rinso..

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